WORLD SOCCER

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The *INTERNATIONAL* Magazine

JULY 1971

World SOCCER

ENGLAND v MALTA Allan Clarke coolly slots home England's third goal against Malta from the penalty spot. Note how far out from his line goalkeeper Bonaci has infiltrated.

WORLD SOCCER
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The INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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Post-match discussion will be limited

THE outspoken "Keep television in it's place" view expressed by Norman Cutler in "World Soccer" (April)—and by Leslie Vernon in "Hungarian News"—has brought home to official soccer bodies, and the public, that TV must be stopped from playing havoc with the game. Extracts from Cutler's "Football's Television Problem" were reprinted in Spanish, Italian, Moroccan and Portuguese newspapers.

The Italian FA has since banned TVI's slow-motion cameras . . . the Spanish Federation are discussing the problem at their Annual Assembly and already have had "televise football straight" talks with ETV . . . the Portugal Federation have put TV on a "stay in line or else" probationary period . . . and in Hungary (Leslie Vernon) "mass television coverage of League matches has been stopped".

These were the first active moves after "World Soccer" spotlighted the problem and danger.

Now comes the most important move of all. The English Football League—the best organised League in the world—has made definite moves in the same direction.

Although Everton's proposal for stricter control on TV was rejected at the League meeting, the Management Committee are seeking to ban the rerun of debatable incidents and controversial post-match discussion.

"We may be accused of putting on a gag," said Alan Hardaker, league secretary, "but certain incidents that have been shown over and over again recently have damaged football."

That is exactly what Norman Cutler said in his timely article way back in April.

When he heard of the Football League's move, Norman Cutler said: "I hope the League tells its accusers to go to the devil. Let's have gags, gags and more gags . . . anything to stop TV's ominous trend and continual damage to the game."

COVER PICTURE

Ferenc Bene of Hungary, featured on our front cover this month, is a seasoned campaigner justifiably rated as one of Europe's outstanding forwards. However, Hungary's poor form at club and international level in recent months—plus a succession of injuries—has kept him out of the limelight.

ARMANDO PICCHI—a tribute

Soccer has lost one of its brightest luminaries

ARMANDO PICCHI is no longer with us. He died in the late afternoon of May 26, days short of his thirty-sixth birthday and of a debility caused by tumours on the spine.

For some weeks it had been common knowledge that Picchi's illness was incurable. The lack of surprise at the eventual news of his death in no way lessens, however, the sense of grief that so many people must still feel now that he has passed away. Italian football has lost one of its brightest luminaries.

Born and raised in his beloved Livorno, Picchi began his playing career with the local team, then fighting in the second and third divisions. In the summer of 1959, in his twenty-fifth year, he was transferred to the Ferrara team SPAL, stayed for the one year before moving to Internazionale, for whom he was to play in the succeeding seven seasons.

New era

Two years in the role of full-back and then the switch into the role of *libero*. It was the beginning of a new season, 1962-63, and a new era. One in which, with Picchi as manager on the field and Helenio Herrera manager off it, Inter were to win three league titles, lose the fourth after a play-off, win European and inter-Continental cups twice over.

Picchi's view of his responsibilities in the role of sweeper was bleak and uncompromising, the attitude pointedly married to the pragmatism behind the thinking of Helenio. Alongside Picchi's example, Burgnich and Facchetti were to become the best pair of backs in Europe, Guarneri was to become a class stopper, Sarti was to keep goal with a confidence he had not known since earlier, triumphant days with Fiorentina.

Terraces

Never for Picchi the weaving of pretty patterns, the desire to score spectacular goals, the need for praise from the terraces and stands. For him the glory of football lay in the art of prevention.

No one ever pretended that Picchi was a player of high talent, and his attitude towards defensive play cost him many national caps, brought him into fierce discussions on tactics, always led him to be undervalued. If it was understandable that Fabbri should look for a national team that depended on style upon the class of Bulgarelli, Mazzola, Rivera, then it was inexcusable that Picchi was not included in the party he brought to England for the 1966 World Cup finals.

'For him the glory of football lay in the art of prevention'

When all the talented players had failed him, Fabbri would have found that Picchi would play his heart out in the most adverse circumstances. It is impossible to believe that the Italians would have lost in the way they did had Picchi been chosen for that game against North Korea.

This rigidity, inflexibility of Picchi's game was to cost him dear when Inter's reign in Europe came to an end at the hands of Celtic. Angelo Moratti loved Picchi as a son, Helenio Herrera saw the need for a new pairing in the centre of the Inter defence, and Picchi—along with Guarneri—was to leave Inter. This despite the fact that he was now back where he belonged, at the back of the defence in the Italian national team.

He went to nearby Varese, there to fight for two more seasons, to overcome an injury that threatened to end his career received while playing for Italy against Bulgaria in the spring of 1968.

A short spell as manager at Livorno, and he was back where he deserved to be, among the *grandi*, as manager of Juventus, the most famous and popular of all Italian club sides, building up a new, young, exciting team. And none who saw Juventus in either of the games against Leeds can doubt that the club seems set for a new golden age.

Announced

Two days after the news of Picchi's death had been announced I was talking to Fulvio Bernardini, coach to Sampdoria. Surely, I said, Picchi was destined to become trainer to the Italian national squad in the not too distant future. "Certainly," Bernardini replied simply. "He had the talent, the courage, the vision. For him all things were possible."

"For him all things were possible." Picchi sensed it himself, felt himself to be on the first steps of a new and more glorious ladder than even he had experienced as a player. For the world of football in Italy it is the cruellest of blows that he, of all people, should have been taken away when he still had so much to offer.

PHILIP EVANS

Klaus Urbanczyk of FC Chemie Halle.

Union clinch league title

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Nicky Braun maintained his early season goal-scoring form to help Union Luxembourg win the championship, eight points clear of Aris and Jeunesse (1970 champions), who shared third place. Easing up near the end and with the title already secured, Union dropped a point (3-3) to lowly CS Gravenmacher but with only eight points to their credit the latter were relegated along with Stade Dudelange.

Another of Union's big successes was Johnny Hoffmann, an experienced international defender who joined them last summer after helping Jeaunesse Esch win the 1969-70 title. Cup winners last season, Union could, and perhaps should, have taken the double, for under barely any pressure in the championship race they went out of the Cup to Division III FC Hautcharage.

Relegated from Division II last season, FC Hautcharage play in a tiny village with only 600 inhabitants and provided the surprise of the season. Having accounted for First Division Rumelange, the outsiders eliminated Union to reach the final where they met Jeaunesse Esch, one of the Principality's most experienced clubs.

Before a wildly enthusiastic crowd Hautcharage trailed 0-1 for much of the final before equalising in the 71st minute and taking the former champions to extra time. Even more was to follow, however, for Hautcharage, who have former Spora goalkeeper Romian Schoder as their player-manager-coach (playing sweeper) scored twice in four minutes during the first period, and finally won 4-1.

Shortlived

Former Austrian international star Ernst Melchior has laboured for several years as manager of Luxembourg's national team and after losing four European Championship games for a goals tally of 0 to 13, a fine performance in Gera gave the group leader East Germany a nasty fright. The Luxembourg squad were finally beaten 1-2, but the players' morale was given a much-needed boost and the result was a 1-0 win over Austria in the Olympics qualifying competition. This success was shortlived, however, though the Austrians could only beat Melchior's squad 3-2 and needed a play-off to eliminate Europe's most unsuccessful triers.

DYNAMO DRESDEN LEAD ALL THE WAY

DYNAMO DRESDEN, relegated three years ago in East Germany but bouncing back first time, led from the start in the current campaign and with the traditional giants FC Carl Zeiss Jena and ASK Vorwarts Berlin both having poor seasons, have clinched their championship claims. Meister for only the second time, the Dresden club are unbeaten at home, where they've averaged more than 20,000 spectators per game.

At the 19th hurdle both the top clubs crashed in Berlin, Jena losing 1-2 to Dynamo while Dresden went down the next day by the same score to newly promoted 1st FC Union. Since then Dresden have dropped only one point in five matches and with two games to spare have an eight-point lead over Jena and cannot be caught. Hans Jurgen Kreische, inside forward and captain of Dresden, also tops the scorers' list with 15 goals, one more than Peter Ducke of Jena and two ahead of FC Magdeburg's Sparwasser with 13.

Promoted to the First Division this summer will be former champions 1st FC Karl Marx Stadt and FK Corvette (from Stralsund) who have yet to appear in the top flight while the struggle to avoid relegation is still being keenly fought. Newly promoted FC Lokomotive Leipzig struggled for a while after the winter break and slipped from third place into the relegation zone.

Finally they pulled themselves clear to leave the issue between four clubs: Chemie Leipzig and Stahl Riesa with 19 points and Wismut Aue and Rot Weiss Erfurt with 20. Stahl Riesa pulled themselves out of last place with a fine run after seeming to be booked and after beating Lokomotive Leipzig 5-1 and Dynamo Berlin 2-0 they drew 0-0 with Union Berlin to give themselves an even chance.

In the DFB Pokal Dresden have a chance to complete a double after beating FC Magdeburg 3-2 in the semi-finals. At the end of June they meet Dynamo Berlin (who eliminated FC Carl Zeiss Cup and league double winners last season 1-0 in the semi-finals) in the final at Halle.

In the Olympic Games qualifying competition East Germany fielded their full side to eliminate Italy (who also fielded pros) by 4-0 and 1.0, but in the European Championship they were held to a 2-1 win by Luxembourg in Gera before Yugoslavia beat them by the same score before 100,000 at Leipzig. This was the East Germans' 100th match of which they have won 43, drawn 22 and lost 35.

LIVERPOOL LEEDS HE PUNISHED

IN an unprecedented week of scandal and sensation, Leeds United were made to pay rigorously for that turbulent day in April, when West Bromwich Albion scored a disputed goal and the fans invaded the Elland Road pitch; Liverpool were fined heavily by the Football League for fielding a weak team against Manchester City; and in West Germany, Hertha Berlin became the subject of a major investigation into bribery and corruption (see page 31).

While no one can have expected that Leeds would escape scot-free after referee Ray Tinkler had needed police protection and 27 spectators had been arrested, the penalty devised by the FA Disciplinary Commission is savage indeed. Apart from the sheer logistics of playing four home matches on another ground, the cost in additional expenses and smaller gates (with compensation to their opponents based on comparative attendances last year) will certainly be at least £30,000. What it may cost Leeds in the long run in their efforts to regain the league championship is anyone's guess.

Leeds United wing half Norman Hunter —where will his home ground be in the opening matches of the 1971-72 season?

Publicity

It is hard to escape the conclusion that the widespread publicity given to the match on BBC television left the Football Association in a position where they felt the need to make an example. Although the incident at Leeds was a serious one, what happened on the field was directly comparable to another incident a few weeks later, when Leeds themselves scored a disputed goal against Arsenal, and the Arsenal players came as near to intimidating the referee as they could without actually knocking him to the ground.

Arsenal escaped the consequences of this loss of equilibrium because of two factors: first, television was permitted to show only a brief extract from the match for news purposes only; secondly, the Arsenal manager Bertie Mee kept his head after the match and maintained a dignified silence. Now after the West Bromwich Albion game at Elland Road, Leeds manager Don Revie made an irrational attack on the referee, and repeated his remarks in cold blood on television later that evening. The Leeds chairman Percy Woodward even went so far as to condone the action of a few spectators. Under no circumstances could either of these ill-judged statements be construed as anything but conduct likely to bring the game into disrepute, and Messrs. Revie and Woodward ought to reflect on how much they personally are responsible for the size of the FA penalty.

Against this Leeds have a right to expect the FA to put their own house in order, for the incidents at Leeds might never have happened if Mr. Tinkler had kept control of the game. If the Leeds players incited the crowd by their own conduct, it must equally be true that Mr. Tinkler infuriated them by a series of bizarre decisions.

The scale of the FA's punishment tended to overshadow the announcement that Liverpool had been fined £7,500 by the Football League for fielding a team below strength against Manchester City at the end of April. Or, more precisely, for failing to give a satisfactory explanation of why certain players had failed to appear.

Liverpool, of course, have expressed a certain amount of righteous indignation, maintaining that the players in question were all unfit. Even if they had produced medical certificates to that effect, which they didn't, I'm afraid they will have to forgive me if I remain unimpressed.

Exception

Liverpool may be the honourable exception, but everyone knows that as a matter of course League clubs do not always field their strongest possible team—especially if they feel they can win a less exacting match without certain players, and bring them back refreshed for a more vital game a few days later. This applies to games in the League, the FA Cup, as well as in Europe.

I used to adhere to the principle that if spectators, often paying weeks in advance for their tickets, had a right to expect the outstanding players of each side to be present unless they were injured. But now I feel that like a theatre audience, they must take a chance on circumstances preventing this —and I include those circumstances in which for reasons of overall strategy a club decides not to use a player or players in a particular match.

After all, if a club has a duty to the spectators it must first be a duty to win a trophy for their own supporters —none of whom would complain about the resting of certain players if in the long term that object were achieved.

Beyond this, who can tell these days which players are first choice and which are not? Arsenal and Liverpool, for example, have a squad of 14 or 15

AND AVILY

in which the appearance of any individual ought not to substantially weaken the team as a whole. As Liverpool said at the time, if they were not sure of the best eleven they could turn out, how could the League Management Committee possibly decide?

Attitude

The size of the fine seems to me an indication of the arrogant, ostrich-like attitude of the Football League in supposing that their little competition is the be all and end all. Surely they must come to realise sooner or later that it is the lure of European football that has increased both interest in League football and the standard of its clubs. Most of the Football League sides play in Europe under a huge handicap, forced to adhere to rigid fixture lists that place an intolerable strain on their players, while their opponents are permitted to rearrange matches to provide more reasonable intervals between them. Of course, such a policy can err too far in the opposite direction, but at present clubs like Leeds and Liverpool are penalised for success through the League's inflexibility.

Liverpool's fine was in fact the second highest ever imposed on a League club, £2,500 short of the amount paid by Derby County for "gross negligence in the administration of the club". It may be pure coincidence, of course, but Liverpool were among the most vociferous opponents to the Management Committee's proposal at the Football League Annual General Meeting that the maximum fine for fielding weak teams should be increased to £20,000—an interesting exercise in altruism.

Frank O'Farrell . . . the new manager of Manchester United.

WORLD DIARY

by ROGER MACDONALD

United choose O'Farrell

THE appointment of Frank O'Farrell as the new manager of Manchester United came just in time to save United from the embarrassing situation that not one reputable manager had been prepared to accept the job. Jock Stein and Dave Sexton both turned it down (Don Revie, by all accounts, told United it was not worth while making an approach, because he was inextricably involved in the fortunes of Leeds United) largely because they could not achieve a guarantee that Sir Matt Busby would give up the post of general manager at least by the end of next season.

Contracts

Both Stein and Sexton, by keeping the state of negotiations confused, may have — inadvertently, perhaps — improved their own bargaining position for their new contracts. O'Farrell, too, clearly had this in mind when negotiations began with Leicester a few weeks before his own contract expired in June.

But when O'Farrell, too, seemed to be slipping out of United's grasp, the United directors asked Busby to offer a clean break with the executive side of the club by becoming a director himself. This left the way clear for O'Farrell to be re-approached, with an offer of an annual salary of £14,000—too much for him to refuse, even if he had not been tempted by the exalted position of becoming United's manager.

RED STAR WIN CUP

CUP and league double winners in 1969-70 Crvena Zvezda (Red Star) began the current campaign in Yugoslavia with big but limited ambitions: to take the FA Cup and European Cup double. Coasting through their league programme, their talented forwards spearheaded by left winger Dragan Dzajic, were severely mauled by East Germany's FC Carl Zeiss Jena in the European Cup quarter-finals and unjustly penalised by UEFA. Having Dzajic sent off in Germany where he was subjected to particularly harsh treatment, his protagonist accompanied him off the field, but UEFA scorning the "advantage rule" suspended the Yugoslav international for four European Cup games.

Satisfaction

Perhaps the best winger in Europe, Dzajic was sorely missed, and though Red Star beat Panathinaikos 4-1 without him at home they went down 0-3 away where just one goal would have been enough to see them through. Dzajic (and Antonijevic), both sent off in East Germany, gained some measure of satisfaction when they returned to East Germany a few weeks later and helped Yugoslavia win 2-1 at Leipzig that gives them a clear lead in their European Championship group.

At club level, Red Star cantered on to take the Yugoslav FA Cup, beating Sloboda Tuzla 4-0 and 2-0 in the final and having a big say in the championship race, too. In the league they held the leaders Hajduk Split to a 1-1 draw in Belgrade and the following week beat neighbours Partizan 2-0 in the Beograd derby.

Slipped

Partizan slipped very badly after leading for most of the opening half of the season, the turning point coming when international goalkeeper Curkovic was called up for National Service with the Army. With Partizan shaken off, Hajduk roared away, but were matched step by step by Dinamo Zagreb, rebuilt by Zlato Cajkowski back after several years in West Germany.

Dinamo have won their last three games, scoring 13 goals in the process and pulling back a point on the leaders and with three games left Hajduk have 43 points from 31 games with Dinamo one point behind. Zaljeznicar of Sarajevo have stepped into third place, hoping to celebrate their 60th anniversary with something tangible, but three points behind the leaders.

In the remaining games Hajduk have two tough away games against Vojvodina and Partizan, while Dinamo travel to OFK Beograd and Rudnicki Kragujevac. With the last-named fighting to avoid relegation it is just conceivable that Zaljeznicar could win their first-ever title.

Dragan Dzajic, rated by many experts as the best winger in Europe, missed Red Star's matches against Panathinaikos in the European Cup, but gained some consolation by helping his club win the Yugoslavia Cup, beating Sloboda Tuzla 4-0 and 2-0.

Nikolaev survives crisis

RUSSIA team manager Valentin Nikolaev survived a crisis period in the spring when many of his national squad suffered a loss of form. After beating Yugoslavia 4-0 in the autumn the Russian squad wintered in Central America (drawing twice 0-0 with Mexico) but doing little to fill the fans with enthusiasm.

When the game had resumed following the winter lay-off Nikolaev's squad was held to a 1-1 draw by Bulgaria in Sofia, and in the ten days before the vital home match with Spain who were unbeaten when they arrived in Moscow, the Russian team was drastically re-shaped.

Suspended

The one success in Sofia was centre-forward Vitali Chevtchenko who plays outside-left for his club Neftschi Baku, and he was retained to play alongside his club colleque Anatoli Banishewski. World Cup centre-forward in 1966, Banishewski was suspended for two years in 1969 . . . for conduct off the field.

Also recalled were Dynamo Kiev keeper Rudakov who ousted Victor Bannikov and the big full back from Dynamo Tiflis, Dzodzuaschwili. An even bigger surprise was the recall of inside-left Jozef Szabo, the former Dynamo Kiev star, born in Hungary and now with Sarja Voroshilovgrad.

Nikolaev's problems have largely centred around the poor performances of the big Moscow clubs spearheaded by champions CSKA (his old club). After only nine games the Army club trailed six points behind the leaders Dynamo Kiev with a goals tally of 8 to 8, while Spartak (1969 champions) and Torpedo have collapsed even more disastrously. Away to Neftschi in Baku, Spartak trailed 0-3 before taking off World Cup keeper Kavazaschwili, but finally went down 3-5 and a week later they crashed 2-0 at home to Dynamo Kiev.

Torpedo, who engaged the veteran Victor Maslov after he had "retired" following years of success with Dynamo Kiev have drawn five games by the zero-zero catenaccio score. Fortunately their defence is standing up, for with a goals for tally of only two goals in eight games it needs to.

HOFFER RESIGNS AFTER DEFEAT

Hungarian News by LESLIE VERNON

Fazekas of Hungary.

HUNGARIAN football, which desperately tried to exorcise the nightmare of "Marseille", has stumbled once again into another catastrophic defeat. In Sofia, the Bulgarians thrashed Hungary 3-0 in a European Championship match—a reverse perhaps even more devastating and tragic than was the World Cup fiasco.

During the intervening 17 months, strenuous efforts were made to re-organise the structure of football. A limited form of contractual professionalism was introduced, and the purge of the old guard brought in several new faces on administrative and coaching levels.

The partnership of sports journalist Jozsef Hoffer and "trainer" Sandor Kapocsi seemed to work reasonably well, and the new-look national team had potential. The home draw against France and numerous defeats of the Under-23 team were ominous signs, but the incurable optimists in the Hungarian camp preferred to look for excuses rather than reveal the root cause of the trouble.

We were told that Bulgaria, beaten nine times in 12 full internationals by the Magyars, were suffering from a "Hungarian-complex". As soon as they see a cherry-red jersey their legs wobble with fear, consequently they will fold-up in Sofia as they did in Manchester and Mexico City in previous competitive matches. Hoffer picked the best available 11 — the injured Bene was replaced by Albert in the middle of a three-man forward line.

"Complex"

Spassov, the Bulgarian boss, opted for youth, and several of the big names were missing from his squad. Kolev scored in the 38th minute, and substitute Petkov made it 2-0 early in the second half. Hungary were simply no match for the rampant home team, who forgot the much-publicised "complex", and Velickov put the final nail in the Hungarians' coffin with a diving header in the 72nd minute.

Only the young Vasas full-back, Fabian, Pancsics and E. Dunai played reasonably well, in a team which included the hero of the two previous internationals, Zambo, top-scorer Kozma and ball-artist Kocsis.

After the game, Hoffer conceded that the Bulgarians were vastly superior in all departments and thoroughly deserved their victory. He also added significantly: "Certain conclusions must be drawn from the events at Sofia!"

Shortly after the team's return to Budapest, where the players were greeted with stony silence even by the airport personnel, Hoffer and Kapocsi announced their resignations, which were accepted with only a few formal words of appreciation by the FA. Suddenly, everyone was saying that Hoffer had no idea of football management, a journalist should never have been entrusted with the national team, etc.

In my view, these sly attacks are grossly unfair. Under the prevailing circumstances, the combined talents of Herrera, Ramsey and Zagallo couldn't improve results. The truth is that Hoffer has never had a chance. As long as the tail wags the dog (the players have too much power) and the club coaches work against the wishes of the national team boss, the Hungarian game cannot flourish. Full-time professionalism is a must in order to bring earnings in line with effort and results.

At present, the players are collecting vast sums under various headings—win or lose. It is impossible to motivate them, although one would think that personal pride, loyalty to their clubs, even patriotism would be sufficient. But they are spoilt, and the enthusiastic newcomers are corrupted by the older players. If money is the only spur, then it must not be distributed indiscriminately—it must be earned! In other words, the players should not be allowed to live and train like amateurs, and be rewarded like pros.

Favourite

Surprisingly, there are three serious candidates willing to commit professional suicide by taking over the national team. The favourite is Karoly Lakat, who is with Tatabanya at the moment. Lakat was in charge of the victorious Olympic teams in Tokio and Mexico, and won the League title with Ferencvaros several times. He would be an excellent choice—if anyone is capable of shaking-up the set-up, it is the shrewd, good-humoured Lakat. He earns about three times as much at Tatabanya as he would get from the FA, but he has always secretly hoped to get the No. 1 job.

Proposed

Dr. Geza Kalocsai, former chief of Gornik and Ferencvaros, and Rudolf Ilovsky (ex-Vasas) are other possibles. The slump has affected club football as well, and both Mitropa Cup semi-finalists, MTK and Csepel, were beaten at the penultimate stage. The former lost to Celik Zenica of Yugoslavia on a 2-1 aggregate, the latter to Austria Salzburg (4-3). In any case, this competition is no longer a viable commercial proposition, and a new format is proposed for next season.

The five countries involved would nominate one team each only (must be the highest placed club which is not in any other European competition), and they would be joined by the holders. The six clubs would play in the Mitropa League with mid-week home and away fixtures throughout the season.

As, next term, this would involve two Yugoslav or Austrian teams and one each from Italy, Czechoslovakia and Hungary, it would be the nearest competition yet to a European League and would guarantee 10 matches each for the participants.

Chelsea's Peter Osgood (9) and David Webb (6) lead an assault on the Real Madrid goal during the European Cup Winners Cup Final replay in Athens.

WEBB THE HERO

European Cup Winners Cup Final report

PHILIP RISING from Athens

CHELSEA, it would seem, are rapidly becoming adept at winning cup finals at the second attempt. They won the 1970 FA Cup Final after a replay and took two matches to dispose of Real Madrid in the final of the Cup Winners Cup. And, as against Leeds United at Old Trafford last year, Chelsea played infinitely better when having a second bite at the cherry.

Although Real Madrid only equalised through a controversial last-minute goal in the first game, I thought Chelsea somewhat fortunate to survive. A fine virtuoso display by Charlie Cook, who rediscovered his ability to take on and beat opponents with bewildering ease, tended to obscure the fact that the real hero for Chelsea was David Webb.

Throughout the first 90 minutes his phlegmatic approach in the heart of the defence kept Real at bay, despite some wonderful work by Amancio and Velasquez in particular. Without ever capturing the same heights as achieved by their illustrious predecessors in years gone by, these two did at least produce some superb touches. Combination passing at high speed; neat flicks and splendid control all presented Chelsea with numerous problems. But Webb appeared unimpressed.

Numerous

After Peter Osgood had put Chelsea ahead, Real threw nine men forward, leaving themselves hopelessly exposed. During the final 20 minutes Chelsea should have scored on numerous occasions; there were times when Cooke, Osgood and Peter Houseman faced only one defender between themselves and Betancourt in the Real goal.

Zoco's last kick equaliser exposed Chelsea to a gruelling period of extra-time, and it was Webb who twice prevented Real from clinching victory by blocking goalbound shots. "If Chelsea win this Cup they should give it to David Webb to put on his sideboard," said a fan on his way out of the ground, and I echo his sentiments. Webb was magnificent and had another fine game in the replay.

Chelsea were without John Hollins for the replay. Tommy Baldwin came in to reinforce the front line, and Cooke dropped a little deeper. Baldwin took some of the strain off Peter Osgood, still not 100 per cent fit, and gave the forward line more width. In the initial final Houseman tended to come inside and, with Keith Weller contributing little, Real's obvious defensive failings were never fully exposed.

Pressure

Real were often impressive when moving forward, but whenever they were put under pressure the Spaniards were in trouble. John Dempsey and Osgood put Chelsea ahead, and only for a short spell, after Amancio had pulled one back, did Real look like saving the game.

Amancio is still in a frenzy over the "replay penalty that never was." But then he always does protest. There's rarely a game during which he doesn't claim a penalty. The only difference this time is that Real's President, D. Santiago Bernabeu, has the same opinion. He thought the referee's alleged mistake changed the whole course of the game.

"We lost," said Don Santiago, "but I am perfectly satisfied with every one of the players. We were innocents in the first half of the replay. Injuries and inferior physical fitness prevented us from getting into the game. To lose by one goal after 210 minutes against a grand, but tough, side like Chelsea is an honour in itself."

The Greece FA deserve to be praised for the manner in which they presented the first major final awarded to the country. The Karaiskakis Stadium—all seats and no cover—features two giant electronic scoreboards which gave all announcements, teams, substitutes, etc., in both English and Spanish; the programme, despite being poorly produced, did at least publish everything in triplicate (Greek, English and Spanish) and outside the ground were numerous officials who could also communicate with visiting supporters. How different it is in England.

HERRERA for SEVILLE ?

HELENIO HERRERA will be manager of Seville next season ... if his tax dispute with La Roma and the Italian Inland Revenue is settled in time.

Seville's negotiations with HH—in spite of denials—were intended to be secret. But, alas, an enterprising Italian photographer blew the story wide open.

The day after the Cup Winners Final, Herrera drove to Rome's Leonardo da Vinci Airport to meet "two mysterious Spaniards" off the Athens plane. He brushed aside reporters' questions with "... two intimate friends ... No, they are not connected with any club ..." as he hurried them into a private restaurant room for lunch.

Next morning a snatch picture of the luncheon party—apparently taken through the serving hatch—appeared in the Rome newspapers. The "mysterious strangers" were identified (by the Spanish News Agency in Rome) as Don Jose Cisneros and Don Angel Diaz, president and general secretary of Seville.

Pestered on the telephone, HH finally admitted the identity of his guests, but insisted "they were just passing through. Our meeting was unconnected with any kind of negotiations...." He asked the press to respect a pact of silence ... which of course they didn't.

Old friend

Back in Spain the Seville president had to confirm the meeting. "Yes ... it's true. I did meet Helenio in Rome. He's an old friend of 20 years standing."

Is HH in line for the Seville management? "I can make no comment on that. We met in Rome and had lunch together. Nothing more." And Seville's future manager? "We need a manager for next season and we have made enquiries. HH is only one on my list of probables."

That is all President Cisneros would—or could—say.

But the actual position is that Helenio *Herrera* cannot *officially* sign for another club until June or until his tax dispute is settled (expected to be soon). Once ... and if ... the green light is given "HELENIO HERRERA RETURNS TO SPAIN. SIGNS FOR SEVILLE" ... at £30,000 a year ... will be the sports headlines in every Spanish and European newspaper.

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ATTACK CAN BE BEST FORM OF DEFENCE

SO far as European football is concerned, and not least our own, the 1970 World Cup must go down as a World Cup without resonance — or sequels. This is immensely depressing, and extremely surprising. In 1958, Brazil's World Cup winning team in Sweden introduced 4-2-4 to the game; and the world fell over itself to copy them. In 1962, in Chile, it was the turn of 4-3-3; and once again, the world followed suit with beetle servility.

But what happened, pray, in 1970? The Brazilians won for a third time, in Mexico, employing a formation which was now 4-3-3, now 4-2-4, at times even 4-4-2. The so-called wingers, Jairzinho and Rivelino, did not always play on the flanks by any means. Jairzinho, in fact, is a striker, a centre-forward, who never plays outside-right for his club, Botafogo, while Rivelino is a midfield player with the Corinthians, who for a couple of years had been disputing Didi's old position in midfield with Gerson. In Mexico, he often dropped deep, and sometimes moved up into the space on the left wing; but he was never by any stretch of fantasy an orthodox winger.

Pele—the greatest individualist in the world.

Formations

Tactical formations were, in fact, the last thing that was really interesting about the Brazilian team. What was at once intriguing, encouraging and fascinating about its success was that it was achieved with an astonishingly unconvincing defence, and perhaps the shakiest goalkeeper ever to win a World Cup medal.

If the ultimate criterion of a good goalkeeper is how he deals with high centres, then Felix failed abjectly. His chief means of dealing with them, if dealing is the word, was to stand on his line and hope. In front of him, the centre-backs, Brito and Piazza, were not really much more impressive. Joao Saldanha, the former team manager who became the familiar sprite of the swimming pool at the Guadalajara Hilton, blandly and generously excused them on the grounds that the Brazilian forwards did little to help them. Possibly. Yet it remains true that it was the Brazilian forwards, among whom one comprehends Gerson, with his marvellous passing, who really won the tournament for their team.

Orthodox

The only chance Italy had of winning the Final was to go out and attack, to field and *use* two orthodox wingers, and go for goals just as they had been obliged to in the later stages of their semi-final against West Germany. Chopping Beckenbauer out of the game had helped as well, of course, but at least the Italians *had* attacked, just as they did against Mexico; and didn't in Puebla and Toluca.

But Italy wouldn't, Italy didn't, and, as we know, they paid a pretty severe penalty for their sins. In fact, had they used an orthodox left-winger, in either Riva or Prati, they would not have given Brazil all that gaping, yawning space down the right flank in which Carlos Alberto was able to overlap at will and eventually score, untroubled by a direct opponent.

You could scarcely expect anything as marginal and irrelevant as a 4-1 thrashing in the World Cup Final to have an effect on anything as profoundly rooted as the defensive psychosis of Italian football. Nor did it. At the start of the season, most significantly, Armando Picchi, the former Inter sweeper who manages Juventus (and has been gravely ill, alas) said he'd like to see a situation in which clubs were fined for playing *catenaccio*; but of course he and Juventus dare not desert it themselves. Nor did they. Nor did anybody. It was another dreary old season, which culminated in Italy's depressing, fear-ridden performance against Eire, in Dublin.

Beaten by Spain in Cagliari earlier in the year in a friendly, they were clearly taking no chances against the Irish; despite the presence of half the Inter side which had just won the League Championship. *Catenaccio* it was, caution it was, and a dull time was had by all. Italy squeaked away with a 2-1 win that convinced nobody, least of all their own journalists.

Consolation

In Britain, at least we have stayed free from the horrors of *catenaccio*; but that is little consolation. On a television programme, on Cup Final eve, I was asked who I thought would win the match, and replied that Arsenal would become the dullest team ever to win the double. So they did; even if Liverpool, on the day, were a great deal duller themselves.

But while you have given Arsenal credit, as Don Revie of Leeds so readily does, for amassing 65 points while still involved in the Cup, what a tragic commentary their success was on English football. Certainly they have a young team which has yet to attain its full potential; certainly it was not their fault that everybody else was worse than they. Yet what was there of Brazil, and the lessons taught by Brazil, in their performance?

The predominant phrase one heard from the lips of their manager was "work rate". Five of their last six home

matches in the League were won with the utmost pain and labour by a derisory margin of 1-0. They hedged their bets by using in midfield a converted full-back, Peter Storey, who certainly contributed bite (if that is the word) in the tackle and one or two vital goals, but kept out more creative players. When Sir Alf Ramsey chose him against Northern Ireland in Belfast in the self-same position, it was surely the last word on his negative policies.

Delusion

If the idea was to eliminate George Best from the game, it failed utterly; Best had a splendid match. If there was any passing delusion that Storey would contribute to the game in a constructive sense, then that, too, proved unfounded.

In the case of Arsenal and Bertie Mee, there are excuses and rationalisations to hand, even if one is disinclined to accept them. The Championship is long, the World Cup brief. You may take risks in the latter which would be unthinkable in the former. But England, in the British Championship, were not engaged in a war of attrition. There was no reason whatsoever why they should not — in principle, at least — gone out to play football, to attack and to entertain. The Irish did; and had it not been for Gordon Banks, a header that hit the bar and a slightly contentious decision in England's favour when Best robbed Banks,' they'd have had a goal or two in the first half.

Cautious

What Brazil reminded us was that you don't *have* to be cautious and defensive; that despite the apparent, dreary lessons of the last 45 years, attack still *can* be the best form of defence. How many goals, after all, did the Italians, those masters of the counter-attack, score against Brazil in Mexico City?

Another argument lies readily to the hand of those who defend Method Football. The Brazilians had the players in attack; we haven't. Up to a point, this is true. Where, after all, is one to find a Rivélino, a Gerson, a Tostao, not to mention a Jairzinho and a matchless Pelé?

Our trouble is that we seem now to be neither producing nor encouraging them.

Sandro Mazzola of Inter-Milan and Italy (10) in action against Crystal Palace during an Anglo-Italian match. No. 7 of Inter is Da Costa.

Arsenal have a Charlie George; and keep him in the reserves for half the season and more. England, shown up in Belfast, respond by picking *en bloc* against Wales the Liverpool half-back line which Arsenal had so thoroughly exposed on the self-same Wembley pitch, ten days before.

Best, George, Johnstone, Osgood, Marsh, Cooke, Hudson. There aren't many of the breed. Perhaps we should treasure them while we may.

Atlanta and Dallas head American tables

THE strong and experienced Atlanta and Dallas teams have set the pace in the opening games of the North American Soccer League season. Dallas lead the Southern Division by five points from Atlanta with last year's champions, the Washington Darts, 12 points behind. The St. Louis Stars, once again with a large contingent of United States-born players, bring up the rear.

Up in the Northern Division, where they haven't played as many games, the New York Cosmos lead the Rochester Lancers by six points. The young Toronto Metros are third with Montreal last.

Currently Hearts are making their tour of the eight cities and after a scoreless tie with Dallas beat St. Louis 2-1. They were then defeated by the Atlanta Chiefs 1-0 but recovered quickly to hammer the Washington Darts 3-0.

Turned down

The St. Louis Stars protested that their home defeat by the New York Cosmos on the grounds that the Cosmos used a number of players who are signed for two clubs. The players in question also play for New York Hota of the German American Soccer League with whom the Cosmos have an arrangement. League Commissioner Phil Woosnam turned down the appeal, apparently on the grounds that this is not an NASL problem.

St. Louis, who play their home games at Busch Stadium where there is artificial turf, raised a number of eyebrows in Canada when their home game with Montreal was televised by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The Stars used 2 ft. high plastic road markers instead of the regulation 5 ft. high poles for corner flags. St. Louis say they cannot put corner flags in the artificial turf.

Rochester, the league champions, are also having their problems for they have yet to find a regular stadium in which to play their home games. As a result negotiations are under way to move the franchise to Miami. When the Toronto Metros visited Rochester their game had to be brought forward a day in order for the Lancers to use the baseball stadium. After the game the Toronto players were invited to a reception on their behalf. Needless to say, however, they left in a hurry when they found they were required to pay for their own drinks.

TOGETHER AGAIN

Santiago Bernabeu and Di Stefano re-united at Heathrow Airport

SEVEN years after they parted ... Real Madrid's president, Don Santiago Bernabeu, manager Miguel Munoz and Alfredo Di Stefano, are friends again. Reunited on a spring day at London's Heathrow Airport.

Don't misunderstand the situation. They were never enemies ... but since Alfredo's sudden departure from Real in 1964, just a little cold.

It all came about when ITV invited Don Santiago and Di Stefano to appear in "This is Your Life", devoted to the career of Sir Matt Busby. It was a top secret visit. They travelled and registered in Manchester as Mr. Barney and Mr. Alfred and, except at the studios, maintained their anonymity throughout.

When they took off from Madrid Airport there was, not unnaturally, a little embarrassment. But long before leaving Manchester they were old friends again, just as close as in the old days.

An unexpected encounter came when changing planes at Heathrow ... for awaiting the same flight was the man who sacked Stef, Miguel Munoz, homeward bound after meeting Dave Sexton and assessing Chelsea, Real's opponents in the Cup Winners Cup final.

Providentially, the moment they met the loudspeakers announced a two-hour delay in departure. It could have been awkward, but few situations are too difficult for Don Santi. He jovially swept Munoz and Stef into the restaurant and straight away ordered a bottle of whisky. Lunch was a rollicking success! Anecdotes, reliving their joint successes, expounding ideas ... the three shrewdest brains in Spanish football recalling the glorious past, forgetting real and imaginary differences and viewing the future.

By the time the Iberia DC8 named "Velazquez" — the painter not Real's forward — arrived at Barajas Airport those three men were the happiest in Spain.

We last saw them laughing, shaking hands, saying "goodbye" and hugging each other ... in torrential rain.

State-run pools boom in Brazil

STATE-RUN football pools—the "Loteria Sportiva"—have gone down big in Brazil. Instituted just after the Mexico World Cup last year, they got off to a roaring start when in the very first week a woman who had never seen a football hit the jack-pot by getting all 13 results right and collecting over £150,000. The lady and the pools didn't need more. There couldn't have been any better propaganda.

Newspapers increased their circulation by publishing forecasts and details of winners. There's even a special weekly magazine dealing with this and often it brings news of big winners in England and other parts of the world.

An average of £1,200,000 a week is being spent on pools in the states of Guanabara (Rio) and San Paulo, the only two where pools are so far being organised, but arrangements are already being made to cover the rest of the country.

Received

There are some 200 "betting shops" in Rio and San Paulo where pools slips are received, yet on Fridays, last day for handing in slips, the queues which form outside these "shops" often disrupt traffic.

Only 50% of the money paid in goes to the winners. The rest is spent on public works, schools and amateur sport (and commissions). Professional soccer earns nothing from the pools, but clubs are helped indirectly by their not having to spend money on amateur sport which is now being provided by the pools.

Specially in Rio de Janeiro, however, the big sports clubs which take part in professional soccer are in a bad way financially. Club directors blame the high salaries paid to the players, counter-attractions such as the beach and TV and their using the big Maracanã stadium for most games.

If the clubs had their own smaller stadiums, they wouldn't have to pay rent to the Government for the Maracanã and they would have more members who would be able to watch games free of charge at their own club. Rio clubs look enviously at clubs in San Paulo and Porto Alegre, for example, who are generally better off thanks to a bigger membership.

Many Rio clubs have put austerity plans into operation—not so Botafogo who believe the solution lies in forming a star team and earning money on foreign tours.

In recent exchange deals, Botafogo have let go their World Cup reserve centre-forward, Roberto, but brought in two World Cup stars, defender Carlos Alberto (from Santos) and Brito. They already have two World Cup players in Jairzinho and Paulo Cesar.

Currently Brazil's busiest tourists are not Santos, but Cruzeiro, Tosta's team from Bello Horizonte. Santos, following some poor performances, changed their coach. New man is "Mauro", their former player who was in Brazil's World Cup winning teams of 1958 and 1962. (Full name: Mauro Ramos de Oliveira.)

At press-time, San Paulo top the San Paulo League with 22 points, followed by Palmeiras, Santos and Portuguesa with 19. Palmeiras have two games in hand and San Paulo one.

Meanwhile Botafogo are virtual champions of Brazil's other important regional tournament, the Carioca League (which embraces Rio clubs). With one game to go, Botafogo had 20 points, followed by Fluminense (16), Vasco da Gama, last year's champions, and Olaria (15), Flamengo and America (14).

The affair of . . . Bosquier and Carnus

French News . . . . by ANDRE DUCLOS

FRENCH football has been convulsed by the affair of Bosquier and Carnus. Both names will surely be familiar to my readers. Bernard Bosquier is the solid stopper who has many times captained France, and has won numerous honours with the champion club, St. Etienne. Georges Carnus is the St. Etienne and French international goalkeeper, undoubted hero of the draw in Budapest away to Hungary, which kept French hope alive in the European Championship.

St. Etienne are still neck and neck with Olympique Marseilles, who have been buying everything that moves, for the French Championship; and favoured to retain it. Suddenly it became known that both Bosquier and Carnus had agreed to sign for Marseilles next season! The explosion may be imagined. Above all, though both players have a high reputation for sportsmanship, and both swore in due course that they would do all in their power to enable St. Etienne to keep the title, it hardly looked good. At a meeting of the French League early in May, it looked at first as if the two presidents, M. Roger Rocher of St. Etienne, and the wealthy M. Leclare of Marseilles, would make it up.

Inevitable

M. Rocher announced sportingly that he was prepared to accept the inevitable; that Bosquier and Carnus would become Marseilles players the following season. That seemed likely to be that, and a good thing, too. But then, so M. Rocher alleged, M. Leclerc came up to him after the meeting, told him he was glad he had accepted the inevitable, and implied that Bosquier and Carnus had signed for Marseilles already! Another explosion, naturally, from M. Rocher, its sequel and consequence the setting up of an official enquiry. Nasty rumours and overtones were scarcely lacking: hadn't Bosquier, after all, put through his own goal to give Marseilles the lead when the two met in their vital league match on Olympique's ground earlier in the year?

In fact Bosquier went on to play a splendid game, St. Etienne to force a draw, but you could hardly blame M. Roger for suspending both players; even though he subsequently forgave them. On May 13, in fact, he sent a curt, cold letter to Georges Carnus, informing him that at an extraordinary board meeting the day before, it had been decided to cancel his contract. Bosquier was dealt with in his turn.

All this meant an unexpected chance for the young reserve goalkeeper, Gerard Migeon, who turned out against Red Star, at home, had an excellent game, and helped St. Etienne to a narrow 2-1 win, keeping them a nose ahead of Marseilles, who were winning 5-2. The incredible Yugoslav, Josip Skoblar, banged in yet another three goals, one of them from the penalty spot, bringing his total to 32 in 32 matches! Goodness knows how many more he'll have got by the time you read this.

During this tense time at St. Etienne, Migeon, regularly saw Bosquier, who is a very close friend of his; but he could not bring himself to visit Georges Carnus: "I'd taken his place without his having played badly at all . . . yet I'm sure that he would have received me well. Ah, what a business!"

Meanwhile, Carnus and Bosquier have their defenders, among them the president of FC Sochaux, M. Louis Deur, who has pointed out that there is nothing in a player's contract to prevent his signing for a different club before it is up; nor is there anything to prohibit his announcing the fact. "I can cite you a dozen footballers who have done it," he says.

Philippe Fiat, the president of the French Players' Union, is of the same mind. "Carnus and Bosquier have nothing to reproach themselves for," he says, "and if it is necessary, we shall stand solid with them. I myself last year signed in mid-season a contract for Sochaux, although I was still playing for Strasbourg."

All well and good; it may indeed be that the two players have done nothing legally or even morally wrong. The point is that this kind of thing brings professional football into ridicule and contempt, evoking memories of the centre-forward called Pape who played for Clapton Orient, I believe, was due to turn out in a Cup tie against Manchester United which was postponed, and, by the time it took place, was a United player playing against Orient!

MORE THAN MONEY LOST BY GREEKS

CONSIDERABLE publicity has been given to the monetary incentives received by the brave Grecian heroes of Panathinaikos for reaching the European Cup Final. And to the fabulous sum they were promised by the Club had they beaten Ajax at Wembley.

What intrigues me more is the ADDITIONAL REWARDS . . . *not offered by the club* . . . which they lost — fortunately or unfortunately — through defeat.

Two weeks before the final, three beautiful Greek starlets stirred up Cup fever to peak temperature when they offered their own particular kind of incentive to Panathinaikos players.

Blonde, shapely Zoe Laskaris promised to "kiss them for ever". A tall order I thought . . . but at least it made the headlines.

Next came sultry, sullen, Zeta Apostolou. She offered to "spend a weekend in Crete with Takis Economoloulos (the Pan goalkeeper) if he doesn't concede a goal." He gave away two, of course . . . but I'm not sure who was most disappointed, Zeta or Takis!

Not to be out-done . . . Zozo Sapountraki, tall and exciting in long dark hair, invited the whole team to "an unforgettable weekend at her home." That sounded quite something . . . although she didn't clearly explain what she meant by "unforgettable."

WEMBLEY IS SOCCER'S HOME

by JACK ROLLIN

WEMBLEY. The word has one meaning—football. It might be a thriving suburb in Middlesex to the people who live and work there but for those with any degree of interest in the game it represents the real home of English soccer.

In 1973 the Empire Stadium celebrates its half centenary and during its lifetime, famous Cup Finals, internationals and other outstanding matches have been played there. There have been other sports associated with it but it is football that is best remembered and recalled.

Yet it was only formulated as a secondary offshoot of another event. For in the early 1920s plans were formulated for an Imperial Exhibition to be held at Wembley. At the time the Football Association were thinking of improving the amenities at the Crystal Palace but when they learned that a stadium was to be built as part of the scheme at Wembley they pursued their interests in this direction.

Construction

The stadium itself was built close to the golf course which was then Wembley Park. It cost around £750,000 and was completed inside 300 working days. The statistics of the construction make interesting reading. To start with over 250,000 tons of clay were removed in the excavations. Then it took 25,000 tons of concrete, 1,500 tons of steel and half a million rivets to not only fill it but make it look like a stadium.

For 15 minutes when it was finished the hobnail boots of a battalion of infantry tested the strength of the terraces—when the concrete was set of course! And four days before the Cup Final between West Ham United and Bolton Wanderers on April 28 the final preparations were completed.

Though everyone hoped that the occasion would be a great success, the actual size of the crowd was unbelievable; something between an embarrassment of numbers and a disaster. No actual count of the attendance could be made but it could have been as high as one person for every ton of clay removed from the original site!

Accommodation

It was not an all-ticket match and the vast assembly forced itself over barriers and on to the playing area itself as the numbers proved too much for the accommodation. Thanks to the work of the police, stewards and officials not forgetting the crowd itself, which behaved in an orderly manner once inside, the chaos which could have become a national tragedy was averted. This was the day when the policeman on that famous white horse paraded around on the pitch, helping to shepherd the crowd back over the touchline and calm everyone by sheer example.

Among the spectators was His Majesty King George V and incredibly the game was only 40 minutes late in starting and won 2-0 by Bolton, with the touchline ringed by spectators who never had a better view of close-ups. But at half-time the teams just changed ends!

Traditional

Since then the Cup Final has always been an all-ticket affair. Though many outstanding international occasions have subsequently been featured at Wembley, it has been the traditional event of the FA Cup that has drawn special notice. There is nothing quite like it anywhere in the world.

It soon became an occasion in the sporting calendar quite unique and additionally followed by those who scarcely knew one side of a ball from another as well as the enthusiasts.

The attendance of a military band playing stirring music, community singing of rival supporters climaxed with the rendition of "Abide With Me", the presence of a member of the Royal Family and above all perhaps the sight of the wide lush green turf upon which the most modest of players could feel either ten feet tall or about to be swallowed up in its vastness, according to their particular temperament at the time.

Post-war

In pre-war years the advent of radio extended the range of its audience to an unseen one and in the post-war period of course the growth of television has given the occasion to millions not only in England but Europe, too, all able to share in the event.

And though after the tension generated by the match in such surroundings the game itself has frequently resulted in the performances being below normal, the drama, excitement and thrills have played their part in the day being what it is.

Among a host of memories some stay in the mind more than others as the pages of Wembley's colourful history are turned. In 1927 it concerned Cardiff City when a slip by the Welsh goalkeeper of Arsenal allowed the cup to go out of the country for the first time.

A different view of the inside of Wembley Stadium—taken during the 1970 Football League Cup final between Leicester City and Manchester City.

An aerial view of Wembley Stadium.

One of the passing viewers for the 1930 final between Huddersfield and Arsenal was the German airship, the "Graf Zeppelin", which flew across the stadium. Two years later the final of 1932 brought one of the most controversial incidents of the cup's history, the famous over-the-line goal. Richardson chased a long clearance for Newcastle but appeared to run the ball over the line before crossing it. But Allen headed the resulting centre and having equalised the United went on to win.

Other pre-war moments included Frank Swift at the age of 19 fainting at the end of the 1934 final, refereed incidentally by a certain S. F. Rous, and George Mutch scoring a last-minute penalty in extra time in 1938 to give Preston North End the cup.

Neighbours

After the war years in two successive years, 1946 and 1947, the ball burst, then came the classic of Manchester United and Blackpool won 4-2 by United.

But the 1950s produced some tragic moments. It seemed that almost every final was marred by an injury to a player in these pre-substitute days. In 1953 Bolton had two players injured after leading Blackpool and finally succumbed to Stanley Matthews's brilliance. Jimmy Meadows went off in 1955, leaving Manchester City depleted, and the following year their goalkeeper Bert Trautmann broke his neck but bravely played out the final minutes.

But another goalkeeper, Ray Wood of neighbours United, was less fortunate in 1957 when he spent most of the game trying to get back on the field after an early injury put him on a stretcher.

Manchester United came back the following year amid scenes of sentiment after the Munich air disaster. A broken leg took Roy Dwight off in the 1959 final but Nottingham Forest held on to win against Luton Town.

Two years later Tottenham Hotspur clinched one half of their famous League and Cup double; a feat emulated in 1971 by fellow North Londoners Arsenal.

Fresh Cup Final ground was broken in 1963 when Benfica met AC Milan in the European Cup Final. In 1966 Sheffield Wednesday captain Don Megson made history when he led his beaten team round Wembley to earn well deserved praise. Now the losers always do it. Later that same year the World Cup took over at Wembley, the scene incidentally of the 1948 Olympic finals. It culminated in that most dramatic victory after extra time in which England beat West Germany 4-2 with Geoff Hurst getting a hat-trick. In this match the third English goal, in-off the crossbar, provided further controversy to rival the over-the-line affair of 34 years earlier.

Authorities

In 1967 the League Cup Final made its bow at the Empire Stadium to become another great Wembley capacity crowd puller of 100,000.

The highlight of 1968 was the Second European Cup Final to be staged there and the first time an English club had won the trophy. Manchester United a decade after Munich beat Benfica 4-1 after extra time.

A Horse of the Year show did nothing to maintain the previously excellent condition of the turf and for two years the stadium authorities spent heavily on restoring it to its former lushness—and succeeded.

Ten years ago the stadium itself had a face lift which included roofing right round the ground and a new press box suspended almost over the side of the pitch slung under the roof.

Mention, too, there must be of several outstanding international affairs. The England-Scotland battle has held sway bi-annually since 1924. Scotland's Wembley Wizards of 1928 won 5-1 but England gained revenge two years later, winning 5-2. In 1955 Dennis Wilshaw scored four of England's goals in a 7-2 win and the goal deluge of 1961 saw England again triumphant 9-3.

There was even another "invasion" of the pitch in fairly large numbers when deliriously excited Irishmen carried off their heroes after they had beaten England in November 1957.

Mystic

But whatever the soccer event, Wembley is an occasion. The twin towers are a familiar landmark to those who only visit London for a football match there. The impressive commanding approach down Empire Way and the coloured favours of rival fans serves to heighten the scene as one of the sport's great moments.

Wembley has always prided itself on presentation and it has since its first awful experience of 1923 succeeded in creating an atmosphere of well organised discipline whatever the occasion.

Foreign teams still stand in awe when they face England at Wembley. It is not that there is some mystic about the place but as the cradle of football England has always had a special position and the name of Wembley has echoed round the world as the Mecca of sport in this country.

The combination of the two has proved compelling and explains some of its attraction to more native souls fortunate enough to make the pilgrimage there.

Canada names players for Olympics

THE Canadian Soccer Association has announced the names of 19 players from whom the final selection for the opening games of the preliminary competition of the Olympic Games soccer competition will be named.

Coach Frank Pike, who has travelled right across the country in his effort to select the best possible players, named: Jeff Babstock (Memorial University, St. Johns, Newfoundland), Juan Monje (Montreal Olympics), Andy Onorato (Kalena SC Montreal), Adolf Traweger (Regina Concordia), John Schepers (Toronto Metros), John Compostella (First Portuguese, Toronto), Peter Duerden (Toronto Metros), John Folch (Calabria SC Toronto), Bill Millar (Toronto City), Joe Schiraldi (Toronto City), Zeljko Bilecki (Toronto Croatia), Len Brown (Vancouver Croatia), Peter Greco (Vancouver Columbus), Sam Lenarduzzi (Vancouver Columbus), Buzz Parsons (Vancouver Eintracht), Ray Telford (Victoria United), Gary Thompson (University of British Columbia), Bill Young (Burnaby Pauls Canadians), Sergio Zanatta (Vancouver Columbus).

Excellent

John McMahon, the team's general manager, has high hopes of these players plus three more yet to be named. He told me recently: "I think we have an excellent chance of reaching Munich and I wouldn't have taken the job if I didn't think so."

Asked about the relative strength of the opposition and in particular Mexico, he said: "I am not afraid of Mexico, their best players are all professionals and I am sure that our amateurs here in Canada are as good as theirs."

TORONTO'S BRITISH FLAVOUR

by COLIN JOSE

THE Toronto Metros and the Montreal Olympics, Canada's two entries in the North American Soccer League, have both got off to slow starts. Toronto have lost two and drawn two, while Montreal have lost three and tied one without even scoring a goal.

Both teams played their first three games away from home and have had trouble building regular sides due to the late arrival of a number of imported players.

The Toronto team has a distinctive British flavour with coach Graham Leggat having obtained a number of promising young British players on loan. Geoffrey Crudgington (19), Neil Rioch (20) and Brian Rowan (22) have come from Aston Villa, Ian McHattie (19) and Len Tomkins (25) from Crystal Palace and 17-year-old Brian Talbot from Ipswich Town.

Goalkeeper Dick Howard was at one time with Chester and inside-forward Angus Moffat has had experience with Southampton and Motherwell. The Metros have also acquired Joao Carlos da Costa from Uniao de Tomar in Portugal and Benedito da Silva Ataide a Brazilian who formerly played for Bangu.

Improved

Peter Duerden, Terry Bidiak, John Schepers, Jim Lefkos and Walter Muir have played most of their soccer in North America, while the captain of the team is Tony Lecce, a Canadian international and a former player with the old Toronto Falcons, who improved tremendously under Laddie Kubala's coaching in 1968.

For their opening game against New York Cosmos at Varsity Stadium the Metros drew 6,751 fans despite the counter-attraction of the Stanley Cup hockey finals on television. The game ended in a 2-2 tie with Toronto getting the equaliser in the last minute. Talbot had an outstanding game in midfield, prompting most of the Metros attacks and showing the promise of great things to come.

Montreal have also turned to the British Isles for players to bolster their team. Clive Charles, Ken Wallace and Keith Pointer have been loaned by West Ham, while full-back Ian Tyre was once with Stockport County. Goalkeeper Kieron Baker has joined the club from Bournemouth, while Alan Bristowe, although born in Canada, has had experience with Coventry City.

Charlie McUlly of the New York Cosmos.

The club have added two players from Farense of the Portuguese First Division Correia and Antonio Miranda, Franco Gallina has had considerable experience in Italy with a number of clubs including Lanerossi Vicenza and Sampdoria, Renzo Selmo once played for Genoa.

Full-back Juan Monje, now a Canadian citizen and in Canada's Olympic squad, was born in Spain where he played as an amateur with Osasuna, while Jiri Klaboch and Josip Ognjanac played for Bohemians and Radnicki in Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia respectively.

Montreal's disastrous start brought about the resignation of their Italian coach Renato Tofani and for the time being he has been replaced by assistant coach Mike Campo.

Catterick must plug gaps in defence

HARRY CATTERICK is busily planning the beating of all his best friends in big soccer, and I can tell you that none is surprised to hear it. Knowing this shrewd, knowledgeable personality they recognise that the shroud of silence which has been covering Everton's twin headquarters clearly indicates tremendous yet ordered activity as another season comes up.

That is exactly correct because the Master of Goodison, nursed back to health after succumbing to a virus complaint inherited from their European Cup battle in ancient Greece, aims to climb over the rest to that top spot once again.

This manager, who first knew it tough in formative years as a teenager living almost under the shadow of Dixie Dean, is determined to wrest the initiative from those blasted Liverpudlians who crowd the south end of Stanley Park.

In case you're thinking of an incentive he hardly requires one after noting Shankly's proclamation about there being just two teams in that part of the world—Liverpool and Liverpool reserves. That's enough to make anybody see red!

Yet, in common justice, that fantastic assessment of the game on Merseyside merely sprang from a natural backward glance which linked the fact that Bill's boys reached Wembley and then provided almost half a team for England while The Stiffs were also repeating an old habit of walking away with the Central League.

Bottom half

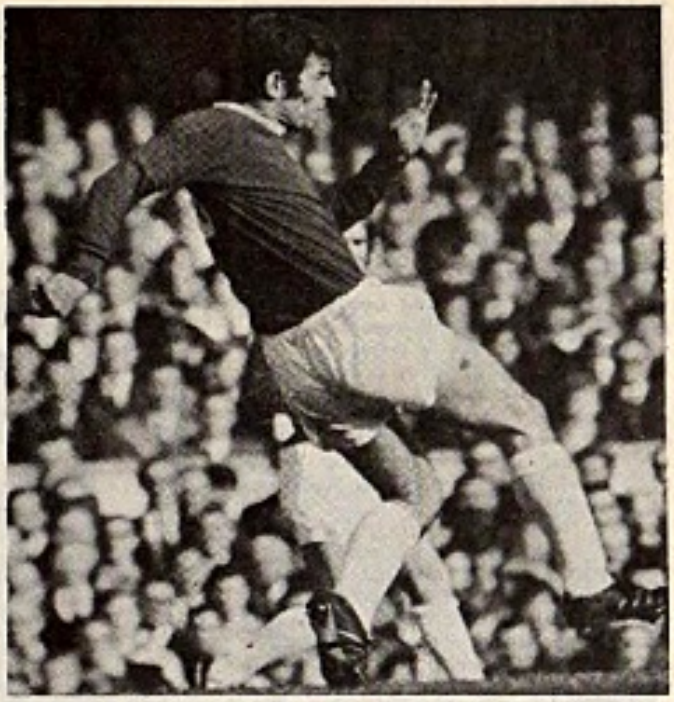
It was all very nice for their particular mentor. Not quite so pleasant for the peace of mind of his opposite number, especially as the boys in blue slowly tobogganed out of the trophy competitions and into the bottom half of the First Division.

There was no doubt the Anfielders were tops, though one should remember it's not always been that way. Not by any means. For instance, only a year ago Everton were up there, looking down on everybody else and, let it be acknowledged, deserved title holders.

Further review of the club's record reveals that only once since Catterick moved over from Sheffield Wednesday, these ten long years ago, has the club finished out of the top six, which seems to me well worth hollering from the rooftops in modern idiom.

If you have a bent for figures and are willing to harken to those who regularly pad along the Walton and Spellow Lanes they'll gladly give you this vital eight-year period: 1963—champs, 1964—third, 1966—Cup winners, 1968—losing finalists, 1969—third, 1970—champs. A truly great performance by any measurement.

You can probably guess they are glancing over their shoulders with a sense of frustration. Perhaps everything might have been better last winter with fewer casualties, and if Alan Ball had been more than his shadow. Or if they had covered better against opposing raiders.



Henry Newton . . . a new acquisition to the Everton team last season.

"Only three teams conceded more than Everton's aggregate of 61"

That was the big weakness. The defence. Only three teams conceded more than Everton's final aggregate of 61, and they were among the ones which contested the relegation issue—Blackpool, Burnley and Albion.

Now everybody in that double-decker kingdom is busily crossing fingers, and hoping for better fortune with a team which I'm prepared to bet will be the same as before. At any rate, almost the entire "old brigade" will be available because 29 of their professionals have been re-signed.

Gordon West, whom the fans jeered with astonishing intensity when out of form, and Brian Labone and Johnny Morrisey are staying, but Sandy Brown, the versatile £38,000 buy from Partick Thistle eight years ago, has been told he can go.

Managerial floor

How does Harry, the experienced chief who knew poverty-line football with Crewe and Rochdale before taking the lift up to Everton's managerial floor, feel about the future? He firmly believes they've got a great side though one which had to pay the penalty for a sudden spate of injuries and loss of form of key players.

Backed by a board which quickly nailed sacking rumours a few months ago and praised his ability, he is also confident about the possibilities provided they are able to field full-strength teams on important occasions.

That's exactly what all the Goodison fans say, and a glance at the talent they have on hand certainly supports the manager's theory. I don't know a club with more footballing skill on its payroll. So let's hope they get a break.

ERIC THORNTON

ANDREW DETTRE
in Sydney

ANGRY AUSSIES HIT OUT

IT'S the strong family ties that seem to keep England and Australia apart in soccer. England, on hand, keeps regarding and treating Australia as a somewhat backward child while Australia, periodically snubbed and insulted, can't get rid of her Oedipus complex.

The latest family quarrel has just broken out over the visit of an English FA team. When the FA announced the names of the players in April, it looked a pretty unglamorous crew. The only names that were "marketable" were those of Mike Bailey, Dave Nish and Malcolm Macdonald.

Then the circus started. Parkin of Wolves dropped out and was replaced by Rodney Marsh; then Macdonald withdrew because of his transfer to Newcastle. Finally, days before the team's departure, out went Bailey, D. Wagstaffe and Marsh as well. What was left seemed a very motley lot, indeed.

The Sydney press, rightly I feel, blasted the arrangements, the arrogant attitude of the FA and the meek and passive stance of the Australian Federation. Several newspaper stories pointed out that this English FA team was many notches below the strength of what was expected; that once, again, England sent out a team scraped together for this exotic tour to the colonies....

The FA reacted with surprising anger. Secretary Dennis Follows was quoted as saying that "there was never any intention to send out a team of internationals" while an anonymous but eminent English manager reportedly said that "Australian soccer's only vital link with England was through the Pools".

The patronising attitude of the Football Association has caused a major furore here. In the May issue of *FA News* a page is devoted to the tour under the witty heading: "Promoting the game in Australia." In the story the writer claims that the FA "tries its best to help the game abroad, having sent teams to Australia, Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia, Nigeria, Ghana and the West Indies".

Butler of Prague (left) and Maloney of Auburn (centre) in a recent Sydney First Division match.

Effrontery

This piece of effrontery lumps Australia together with a bunch of countries where soccer is miles behind ours. Australia missed out on the 1970 World Cup finals by a single goal against Israel but has since beaten both Greece and Israel in Athens and Tel Aviv. When did New Zealand, Canada or the others achieve results like these?

We don't want the FA to "promote the game" in Australia; we are doing this ourselves. They were invited to send a top team for a series of matches; we didn't seek sermons and lectures.

What FA secretary Dennis Follows calls an "educational tour" may be just that—for the English tourists. But I would like to know where the educational value is for Australia in entertaining a bunch of haphazardly recruited players who met for the first time two days before their departure for Australia?

Dumping ground

Rather astonishingly, this sort of viewpoint in England is the rule rather than the exception. People there still can't believe that Australian soccer has come of age, that Australia deserves something much better than remaining the dumping ground for fifth-rate English visiting teams.

In 1967 "Scotland" came for a tour—but without the Scottish internationals who were "otherwise engaged". In 1970 Manchester City toured here—but without Summerbee, Lee and Bell. Then, again last year, Manchester City were hosts to a touring Australian national side—and fielded their entire reserve team against them at Maine Road.

Now it's the turn of this FA side, totally void of top players, who could draw the crowds....

Danish Princess Margrethe greets the players of Frem and B1909 before the 1971 Danish Cup Final.

Magill leads B1909 to Cup Final victory

ARNE JENSEN from Copenhagen

JIM MAGILL has done it again. The former Arsenal full back, now trainer of the Danish first division side B1909 of Odense, led his team to victory in the Danish Cup Final. Last season he took B1909 out of the second division into the first.

B1909 met Frem of Copenhagen in this season's final at Köbenhavns Idraetspark. The Danes had decided to do it "the English way" this year. Before the match there was community singing and, for the first time in the history of the cup, a royal person greeted the players before the match and was to hand over the trophy. Princess Margrethe got the job and 23,500 (capacity 50,000) set the scene for what was expected to be a very good final.

Hammered

But the match itself was disappointing. Eighty-nine minutes of dull play with B1909 playing the better football. It all happened in the last minute. B1909's international inside-forward Bent Outzen hammered the ball home with a beautiful shot and it was all over. 1-0 for B1909 and Jim Magill was afterwards hailed as the most successful trainer in Denmark. Magill started his career as a trainer in Denmark with the third division side Viborg, but he could do nothing to better their position. With the talented ball players of the Odense team he has, however, had the right material to bring success.

Excitement

There has not been so much excitement about a Danish international match as the one against Portugal (away) in the European Championship. For the first time in the history of Danish football, the Football Association had selected professional players for the side. Five professional players, now playing abroad got into the team. Among them were three of the "Vikings" playing for British clubs, Preben Arentoft (Newcastle), Erik Lykke Sörensen (Morton), and Henning Boel (Aberdeen). But the professionals did little to impress and Denmark were beaten 5-0.

Professional

For the European Championship match against Belgium in Copenhagen the same players were selected apart from one amateur player whose place was taken by yet another professional. And this time the Danes played well in spite of losing the match 2-1. For most of the match the Danes outplayed the Belgians but the most important thing was missing in the team, a sharp goalscorer.

The main target now is to find one, and the Football Association has listed a few players who will be asked whether they can be released for Denmark's international against Scotland.

Should a 1-0 victory be better than 5-4... in

England sh in line wi

FIVE years after winning the World Cup where precisely does England stand now? In 46 matches since that memorable July 30, 1966, Sir Alf Ramsey's men have only been beaten six times. With this realisation in mind, why should anyone cast doubts on England's power and position? And yet one could almost hear and feel the sigh of relief from top to bottom, when a couple of "gifts" from a disorganised defence helped England to a 3-1 victory over Scotland. This result also saved the home international tournament from becoming the biggest fiasco since 1925. For the bare fact is that the other five games in this series produced only three goals. One of them was a hotly disputed English score at Belfast and one an own goal by the hapless Scots.

But can the 3-1 win at Wembley obscure the fact that England's national side had been severely criticised following their insipid displays against Northern Ireland and Wales? The main charge was directed at the team's lack of flair and adventure, plus the inability to cope with modest defenders and, most important, the poor finishing which brough England—including the "gifts"—merely four goals from three matches.

Scotland's goal against England in the Home International Championship . . . Hugh Curran was the scorer.

Established

Everyone agreed that with three games a week coming at the end of a long, tiring season one could not expect scintillating performances out of mostly jaded and stale competitors. Only one established star had the foresight to escape any criticism: Alan Mullery, who felt that as he could not give of his best, it was wiser to stand down rather than risk a blemish on one's reputation!

Whilst allowing for the severity of an English league season, it is arguable whether fatigue alone can be blamed for either the uninspiring displays or the failures to take advantage of such surfeit of scoring chances. On the other hand it does sometimes appear as if the England team was built and is still being groomed not so much in the art of winning as in the aptitude of not losing! Ther style of "positive defence" has made them a hard side to beat, and clearly the fans cannot have it both ways: Either England play adventurous soccer and risk defeat—or they defend competently enough to emerge unbeaten! Apparently only the Brazilians are capable of winning World Cups with modest defenders and a suspect goalkeeper.

Statistics show that England won the 1966 world crown with the least number of goals per match of any previous winners, as seen from this table:

W/C Finals	Winners	No. of Games	No. of Goals
1930	Uruguay	4	15
1934	Italy	5	12
1938	Italy	4	11
1950	Uruguay	4	15
1954	W. Germany	6	25
1958	Brazil	6	16
1962	Brazil	6	14
1966	England	6	11
1970	Brazil	6	19

It will be seen that Italy, too, scored only 11 goals, but they played two games fewer than England.

Since the 1966 triumph England's record reads:

P	W	D	L	F	A
46	29	11	6	82	28

The highest scores were registered against France (5-0), Scotland (4-1), Wales (5-1), plus such minnows as Malta (5-0) and Colombia (4-0). But in nine games England failed to score, whilst in 13 matches they found the net just once. Therefore, in 22 encounters—nearly half the total—the English either drew a blank or scored only one goal. The figure of 82 goals represents an average of 1.78 goals per match.

But, at the same time, England's defence did not concede a goal in two games and submitted just once in a further 18 matches! This record of having allowed more than one goal in merely four out of 46 games is truly astonishing! Incidentally, the six defeats were against Scotland 2-3 (1967); West Germany 0-1 (1968) and 2-3 (1970); Brazil 1-2 (1969) and 0-1 (1970) and Yugoslavia 0-1 (1968).

Tournament

Ten years ago the home series produced such results as N. Ireland 2, England 5; Wales 2, Scotland 0; Scotland 5, N. Ireland 2; England 5, Wales 1; N. Ireland 1, Wales 5; England 9, Scotland 3 . . . 40 goals in six matches, for an average of 6.6 per game! But the 1971 tournament yielded just seven goals from six meetings. In the same 1960/61 season, England beat Spain 4-2, Mexico 8-0 and Italy in Rome (!) by 3-2!

As I already pointed out in the April issue of *World Soccer*, the evolution in

1961 Newcastle were relegated yet scored 81

ould step th FIFA

says ARTHUR ROTMIL

British football has produced a negative, cautious approach to the game, which has affected primarily the First Division championship. In the last 10 years the goal average has dropped in the four divisions from 3.34 to 2.60, while in the top division it fell to a new low of 2.36 goals per match.

No wonder that Tottenham's experienced manager Bill Nicholson said recently: "The game in this country is getting more and more like the Italian League. It comes down to economics, find professionals who can attack."

And Coventry's manager Noel Cantwell adds: "Broadly speaking this country has run short of players like Jimmy Greaves and George Best. We do not have enough individuals of real flair—and it may be that we have coached it out of them. Even at school level we are teaching two-touch and one-touch football, in a team sense. Consequently we do not have enough fellows like Charlie Cooke, who will hold the ball and beat two or three players before passing."

Experience

Both gentlemen are former First Division players whose views must be respected, and they certainly speak from a wealth of experience. It is, for example, incredible to find that Liverpool have scored only 42 goals in as many matches, but still finished fifth in the League! But it is quite grotesque to realise that the highest scorers in the First Division were Leeds with 72 goals—yet in 1961 Newcastle hit 14 (yes, fourteen) goals more and were relegated to the Second Division!

Is it surprising that nearly 1,500,000 spectators have been lost in the Football League this past season? A total of 64 out of the 92 League clubs report a partly serious drop in attendances. Even such attractive sides as Manchester United and Everton have suffered losses of 6,322 and 8,402 spectators per match! On the other hand the so-called method teams like Arsenal, Leeds and Liverpool have all enjoyed higher gates than last year.

What then is the remedy to arrest defensive play and halt the current goal famine? Before our coaches discover new methods of penetrating massed defences—or, better still, until one or two teams become so superior to others that they will actually attack with more than three men at a time—here is one suggestion which should be adopted without delay: English legislators should fall in line with the world's governing authority, FIFA as well as UEFA, by introducing goal difference in place of goal average to determine the clubs' placings in the event of equality of points. Both in the World Cup and in the present European Championship, the deciding factor in group matches is the difference between goals scored and those conceded. This system is already used in many countries who have recognised the need to encourage goal-scoring.

It will be remembered that before the last match, which decided the English championship, Arsenal required a negative 0-0 result to clinch the title by one-hundredth of a goal. Fortunately an 88th minute score by Ray Kennedy against Spurs, saved the embarrassing calculations. But if that game had ended goalless, Leeds, who had a better goal difference, would have been champs in many countries and also under a system used by FIFA and UEFA—but not in England!

Under our obsolete system a 1-0 win is better than 5-4, but even more ludicrous, a 2-0 is superior to 10-1! This method clearly favours the teams devoted to defence, to the prevention rather than the scoring of goals. A team which hits say 30 goals and concedes 15, is better placed than one scoring 60, whilst allowing 31 goals! To stimulate the appetite for goals even further I would suggest that in the event of clubs sharing equal goal difference the higher rank should be accorded to the higher scorers, for instance: 5-3 should be classed as better than 3-1 or 2-0.

Leading

Why should England, who gave the rules of Association Football to the world, now find itself out of step with the leading countries such as Italy and West Germany, and even with the highest authorities such as FIFA and UEFA? Even equally conservative Scotland has abandoned goal average and adopted goal difference. We have waited 20 years for the recognition of floodlit games and another 20 years for the introduction of substitutes. Do we have to wait a further 20 years before ending a system designed to encourage a negative attitude and which threatens to ruin the whole structure of soccer?

England's Francis Lee evades a Scottish tackle.

European Cup Final ... Ajax Amsterdam 2 Panathinaikos 0 ... by Brian Glanville

FINAL WAS ANTI-CLIMAX

HOW sad that a European Cup Final which gave Holland its second, consecutive winner and Greece its first, astonishing finalist, should peter out in anti-climax. For this, there were two reasons, which might bluntly be summed up by saying that Panathinaikos couldn't, while Ajax ultimately wouldn't.

If the Final was saved, it was saved by Cruyff, who affirmed once more both his own transcendent talents, and the prevailing importance of the great individualist. As George Raynor, the little Yorkshireman who managed Sweden for so long, and with such distinction, was wont to say: "There's no substitute for skill. Ball players create unorthodox situations."

Indeed they do, and poor Panathinaikos never quite knew what Cruyff was going to create. With that marvellous, flowing, serpentine run, those sinuous evasions, those cobra swayings above the ball, those electric changes of pace, that brave readiness always to go forward alone, no matter the odds. Cruyff was a host in himself. He provoked the second goal, he could have had two or three in the first half, when his finishing did not quite match the sublime quality of his approach play.

Poor finishing

While Van Dijk was still playing well upfield, instead of cautiously deep, while Keizer and Swart were still busy on the wings, it seemed merely a question of how many Ajax would score. Their own poor finishing and the steady improvement of Economopoulos, who began so shakily but finished a hero of his team, combined to frustrate them.

Their second-half performance, so dull and circumspect, may be viewed, perhaps, from two points of view. You may say, as Haan, the scorer of the second goal—with the assistance of a Greek leg—did to me, that there were three injuries, necessitating the substitutions of Swart and the thrustful Rijnders. Or you may feel that Ajax, having failed to add to their lead when they were so comprehensively on top, decided that what they had, they would hold.

Against a better, more gifted and versatile, team than Panathinaikos, this might have been fatal. Ajax's defence is not especially strong. Vasovic, though he played well in the second half when, with more men around him, he tended to come forward, was somewhat vulnerable in the first, the backs were rather better in attack than in destruction, while Stuy was another to begin poorly. (Though by the end of the game, he was eating the plethora of long, naive high lobs and crosses which the Greeks flung desperately into the box.)

Embarrassed

But though they had their men and their moments, Panathinaikos were clearly embarrassed rather than favoured by the amount of space conceded to them, after half time. One saw this especially in the image of the clever Domazos, their midfield orchestrator.

In the first half, when he had to work under pressure, he produced any number of clever flicks and backheels, creating new, dangerous, varying patterns of attack. In the second half, when he found himself again and again in possession with room and time to spare, he could mostly do nothing more original than boot the ball into the goalmouth.

Kamaras looked a versatile, composed, intelligent player, and he should really have equalised, three minutes before half-time, when Vlahos gave him an excellent chance. His own disgust and dismay indicated that he thought so, himself. But generally the Greeks remain among the more unsophisticated European clubs, and their triumphant passage to the Final clearly represented the victory of mind over matter; or perhaps of spirit over technical and tactical ingenuousness. From such criticisms, Domazos, Kamaras and perhaps Elefterakis must be exempted; nor can one take away from Puskas and his team the credit due for an extraordinary overall achievement.

As for Ajax, despite their tedious second half at Wembley, their victory suggests, as did that of Brazil in Mexico, that a fine attack can compensate for the failings of a mediocre defence. But it is important to remember, as the Brazilians always did, that one must not deliberately fall back on that defence. This, after all, is wilfully to sacrifice your chief weapon, and expose your basic weakness. Ajax risked it, and got away with it. Against a stronger, more experienced, more incisive team than Panathinaikos, it might have been expensive.

Panathinaikos goalkeeper Economonpoulos is beaten by a header from Dick Van Dijk (not in picture) of Ajax Amsterdam.

First away win for Wales since 1958

Welsh goalkeeper Gary Sprake and full-back Rod Thomas clear their lines during an international against Scotland.

Welsh News from PETER JACKSON

AT last Wales have won an international outside the British Isles. And while the football world attached little notice to their European Championship Cup win in Finland, the result from Helsinki did at least mean a new milestone for the Welsh.

After 17 attempts, Wales had won a match beyond these shores for the first time since 1958 and for only the third time in 38 years since first appearing on foreign soil against France in Paris in 1933.

The Finnish victory, achieved by a second-half goal from John Toshack and with a team which contained three newcomers, was the first By Wales in the current European tournament and their first abroad since the unforgettable triumph over Hungary during the 1958 World Cup in Sweden.

Boisterous

Yet after dropping three points from the opening home cup-ties against Rumania and Czechoslovakia, winning in Finland was rather like closing another stable door after the horse had bolted.

An enthusiastic gathering of Welsh seamen did their boisterous best to give the players a sense of achievement on a bitterly cold night in an Olympic stadium which boasted a gate of no more than 6,000.

"When you consider that we had so few of the side which played in the British Championship available for the game in Finland then you get some idea of how well the lads did," said Wales team manager Dave Bowen.

Full-strength

"With the Finns to play at home next October, we could still be in a position to worry Czechoslovakia and Rumania in our two closing away games. And with a full-strength team who's to say we aren't capable of surprising both of them."

The win in Helsinki ended more than just a depressing sequence of away failures. It also improved a Welsh record of having scored only once in seven internationals—a penalty by Ron Davies against Czechoslovakia at Swansea in April.

Tournament

Not surprisingly, a dire lack of frontal aggression meant Wales completing the domestic tournament without a goal to show for any of the three matches. That, however, shouldn't detract from the success in containing England, regardless of their shortcomings, at Wembley.

A 0-0 draw was Wales' first at the Empire Stadium and the first time, indeed, that England had failed to score in a home match against the Welsh since 1891.

Nor can there have been any disputing that Wales were the better side in the first half. While they deserved any luck they later enjoyed in that game, then there can have been little sympathy for their failure to have beaten Scotland.

That, in Welsh tradition, was another stalemate—a match played in a mudbath when it should not have been played at all. Glaring misses in the last minute—the first by Gilbert Reece, the second by Ron Davies—allowed the Scots to escape with what was their only point of the competition.

The defeat in Belfast was the first for Wales since 1959, and Bowen must have been thankful that Irish extravagance left Bryan Hamilton's as the only goal of the game.

Roberts, despite Belfast, was one of the Welsh successes. Glyn James, the Blackpool centre-half who got an unexpected opportunity because of Mike England's injury, emerged as the outstanding Welshman in the Wembley deadlock.

Expedition

Peter Rodrigues, now among the more experienced Welsh players, could hardly have wished for a better trio of matches, but the problems in midfield and attack are all too apparent.

Rodrigues, in fact, was the only established international among the party which set off last week (June 23) for a six-match tour of New Zealand, the first such expedition to be undertaken by a Welsh football team.

Colin Randall, captain of the Welsh Youth side which reached the finals of the "Little World Cup" in Czechoslovakia in May, was named in a squad which included two players capped against Finland—Rotherham centre-half Ray Mielczarek and Bristol Rovers link player Wayne Jones.

David Gwyther, Swansea's bustling striker, made a little piece of history as the only Englishman in the party. He was born in Birmingham of Welsh parents but has been brought up in Wales.

PHILIP EVANS
reviews the
Italian season

MILAN'S E

SO Inter, deservedly, won the league title. But what of the others? First, and naturally, Milan, the team that on its day played the most attractive, fluent football to be seen in the Italian league for some seasons. So why their failure?

There was the inevitable problem of injuries. Rosato spent too much of the season playing in pain, Anquiletti and Zignoli both suffered from injury at key moments. Villa suffered injury at the hands of the Neapolitan crowd and never again played with the youthful urgency he showed at the beginning of the season.

But there were more important reasons for Milan's failure to say the course. First, and perenially, was the form of Rivera. Gianni is the key player in the squad, and for years now A.C. Milan have relied almost exclusively upon his flair to pull them through. Too often out of sorts, with extra-curricular activities providing fatal distractions, he played many games at his despairing, detached amble through the midfield, seemingly oblivious of what was taking place around him.

Gianni Rivera

Function

Secondly Benetti, and the famous "Liguori case", when the Milan player tackled — and severely injured — the exciting Bologna midfield player. That was Liguori's last game of the season, the incident served to brand Benetti as a ruthless player, an *assassino*, in the eyes of all Italy, and he suffered much abuse as a result. In fact, like so many players who function on all cylinders at all times, Benetti is shy, self-effacing to the point of causing despair in the eyes of the Milan management. But he was another key player, and his wobbly form during the second half of the season left the Milan midfield looking under-populated and lacking in inspiration. A fine player out of sorts. A sad sight.

Finally the problem of strikers. Prati played well throughout, even in the most adverse of circumstances, and it is no coincidence, I think, that this was the reason for which Riva was absent for many games. With Luigi away and *hors de combat*, Prati shrugged off all his complexes and played as he played three seasons ago, a formidable striker in any company.

But with too little support. Combin, Villa, Rognoni all played well at times, but never together. All could well be transfer market material. Napoli played splendidly, their defence hard and thrifty. Bianchi had a fine season in front of the defence, the old hands—Sormani, Hamrin, Altafini—all had their moments, and Improta looks a good winger in the making.

And Juventus, playing towards the end of the season more attractively than any. Causio is a genuine star in the making, and I wouldn't be surprised if he were to become the central player in the national team in the near future. Spinosi is a back of the highest class, Bettega and Anastasi both fine strikers, especially when the latter remembers how good he can be. With Haller holding the front together, Salvadore nurturing the rearguard, Juventus seemed to have the ideal blend of youth and experience. Capello failed to live up to expectation, but imagine this side with De Sisti in his place, and the switch is not an impossible one. Goalkeeper required, chequebook ready.

Bologna played some neat, tidy football, aimed at Savoldi's head, and that gentleman often obliged. Bulgarelli and Rizzo both functioned intelligently in midfield, but the loss of Liguori was an important one. In defence Bologna had two good backs in Roversi and Fedele, even if both indulged too often in dubious tactics.

Roma finished where they belong, a third of the way down the table. With off-field wranglings as a backcloth it was perhaps inevitable that the team's performances should have been unsteady. But on it, Vieri showed class and too little *grinta*, the ability to get stuck in, and Amarildo's temper has long since proved to be an expensive luxury for any team. Bet as stopper, Santarini as *libero*, are good young players. One wonders whether they will stay at Roma for more than a season or two.

Cagliari: Once Riva had broken his leg and Cera had run into a stream of injuries it was inevitable that the Sardinian team should fall apart. You don't lose the best attacker and the best defender in Italian football without feeling the pinch. And when the most consistent goalkeeper in Italian football falls apart, you feel that one too. Poor Albertosi. He'll be back into top form soon, too intelligent to let adverse form affect him more than momentarily, knowing

S FAILURE EXPLAINED

too well that disaster strikes all goalkeepers at one time or the other.

Turino had a miserable season. They have fine young players in Madde, Sala, Pulici, and Castellini is a goalkeeper of some promise. But Poletti fell away from form, Puia began to show his years, Bui is past his best as a striker.

For Verona, Clerici scored good goals and seems destined—such is the way of Italian football—to join one of the big clubs. Apart from his contribution Verona are a pedestrian side.

And so to the candidates for relegation, and if I allowed hope to overcome objectivity in expecting great things for Fiorentina this year, then at least I was right as regards the newcomers to the top division. As predicted, only Varese managed to hold their own, and that at the very last, defeating poor Foggia 3-0 on the last day of the season in a decisive match.

Newcomers

Catania always struggled, as did Lazio, despite the presence of talented players such as Massa and Ferrucio Mazzola. Foggia, on the other hand, suffered from being too positive. They always went at their opponents, played some delightful football, and halfway through the season seemed destined for a comfortable middle-of-the-table finish. But at the last things went wrong, the defence conceded too much, they began to be frightened.

Above these three were Sampdoria, perennial *Houdinisti*, always managing to hang on, always ready to give their supporters too many ulcers. Lanerossi Vicenza started badly, recovered, fell away again. And there was Fiorentina.

Why? No one really knows. It is appalling that a team so talented and skillful should have had to fight for three-quarters of the season in the manner of a third division side. To be sure, Fiorentina had their share of administrative difficulties and injury problems.

Not an uninteresting season, then, with a fair dog-fight for the positions both at top and bottom of the table. But more important, were the administrative changes that took place off the field of play.

The two Herrera's, Pesaola, and Lucchi of Verona were the managers to be deprived of their charges. But the roundabout—as in Britain—is a hard one to get off once you are on, and all will be heard of again. Helenio's worst enemy is his incessant need for publicity—he appears to have reached the stage at which he has become a parody of some publicity machine. And it is patently ludicrous of him to expect clubs to pay the sort of sums—in salaries and back-taxes—that he is asking.

As for Pesaola, I hope he rapidly comes back to the forefront. He is *simpatico, intelligente*, not a bad psychologist, too good to be overseeing the fortunes of some rabble in the serie B.

So much for the managers. And changes also in the field of administration. Antonio Sbardella has hung up his whistle—if that is the right expression—to become general manager of relegated Lazio. It is a step in the right direction but unlikely to find a reciprocal cousin coming the other way, from playing into refereeing.

And evidence that the life of club president can be a thorny one was always to hand. Baglini left Fiorentina, the pressures too much for him. Marchini of Roma and Colantuoni of Sampdoria are both eager to sell out to the highest bidder, both victims of hate campaigns on the part of fans, nasty creatures that they can be when things begin to go even minimally wrong.

And in this connection the most important news was the departure from the presidency of A.C. Milan of Franco Carraro. Carraro is an excellent administrator, a fine psychologist, extremely intelligent and sensible. His reasons for going were part personal—he is very young—and part altruistic. All clubs, he thinks, should have a change at the top every few years. Change prevents fossilisation, allows new ideas to percolate through a club.

Agreed. But not when the person concerned is as able as he. Milan are fortunate in that the new president, Federico Sordillo, knows the club well and is much respected in Milan. As for Carraro, one can only hope that he will devote himself to the broader problems posed throughout the whole Italian footballing world.

Luigi Riva . . . . missed much of the season through injury.

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Action from the match between Haarlem and Feyenoord.

Feyenoord pip Ajax

FOUR DAYS after Ajax Amsterdam won the 1971 European Cup Final at Wembley, last year's winners, Feyenoord, clinched the Dutch championship with a 2-1 victory against Haarlem. Less than a week before the European final, Feyenoord defeated Ajax 3-1 to virtually assure the entry of two Dutch clubs into the European Cup competition for the second successive season (writes HANS MOLENAAR).

Both Feyenoord goals against Haarlem were scored by Ove Kindvall, playing in his last match for the Dutch club. Kindvall will now return to his native Sweden, where he has accepted a post as a public relations officer with a firm which supports his new (and former) club IFK Norrkoping.

Feyenoord have tried many times to persuade Kindvall to stay on in Holland but he refused despite a very lucrative offer. Feyenoord have had trouble finding a replacement. Horst Koppel, of Boroussia Moechengladbach, was one target. He even came to Rotterdam to look at a house but decided against the move and signed for Stuttgart instead.

The decisive Feyenoord-Haarlem match was stopped four minutes from time when the crowd invaded the pitch thinking the match was over. The Mayor of Rotterdam persuaded the fans to leave the pitch by way of a loudspeaker announcement. A capacity crowd of 67,000 watched the match.

GIANTS AND DWARFS MUST BE DIVIDED

PERSONAL OPINION by LESLIE VERNON

TO say that the England v. Malta European Championship game was the most one-sided football match I have ever seen, would ignore the fact that I recently officiated a clash between a Daily Mail (compact size) team and a clueless Radio London eleven. The score was 14-0, and in my eagerness to help the over-weight and under-sized Radio team, I disallowed several goals for offences Lo Bello has never heard of.

The latter game took place on the Scrubbs, and was witnessed by three hot-panted girls and two dogs, one of whom obviously suffered from diarrhoea. The former was staged in the Mecca of football, and a 45,000 crowd paid exorbitant prices for tickets. Since the FA is contracted to stage all full internationals at Wembley, they had to treat the Maltese as they would any other visitors.

It was acutely embarrassing to watch these gallant amateurs packing their penalty area, wasting time and resorting to all sorts of silly tricks to hold out against vastly superior opposition. The England players were equally embarrassed and frustrated, and the crowd, feeling cheated, slow-handclapped their way home. Although I sympathise with the public, one wonders what they expected from such an ill-matched contest.

Tournament

The sad truth is that in its present form the European Championship is bound to throw-up games between giants and dwarfs and others of no importance. As this is essentially a worthwhile tournament, a change of format is needed to provide a truly competitive edge. I would like to see the field divided into two Divisions. The First Division would contain the 16 top countries, the Second, the other 16. Both Divisions should be divided into four groups of four teams, and they would play-off the group competitions on the present "mini-league" basis.

The four group winners would play two-legged semi-finals, and the final staged in a neutral country. This procedure would apply to the Second Division as well. The four countries which finished bottom of their groups would be automatically relegated, and the Second Division group winners would take their places.

The advantages of my proposals are obvious. A group containing England, Switzerland, Spain and Russia (the present front-runners in GROUP III and IV) would not only provide keen competition, but should also be an excellent financial proposition for the participants. At the same time, Greece, Malta, N. Ireland and Cyprus — the other countries in GROUP III and IV—would all have a real chance to finish on top of their section and qualify for a money-spinning semi-final, and promotion.

At present, the European Championship contains too many non-events, and the real excitement is left until the Final stages are played-off during a hectic eight-day period. This is an illogical lop-sided system, which could eventually kill-off the tournament. My system would sustain the interest during the two years of the qualifying competitions and would provide a thrilling climax. It would also eliminate farces of the England v. Malta kind.

Incidentally, this system of grouping countries according to known form operates very satisfactorily in basket-ball, table-tennis and ice-hockey. The European Championship is not the only competition badly in need of a re-think.

Until now, I accepted the "away goals" ruling in the three major international club tournaments because it is more difficult to score goals on opponents' grounds, and the ruling applied equally to all competing teams. But there must be serious doubt about the wisdom of this law, if it helps teams like Panathinaikos into the European Cup Final and makes it possible for Juventus to lose a Cup without actually losing a single match.

Jubilant

I am confident that it is still possible—in these days of overcrowded fixture lists—to arrange a third meeting between teams who finish level after 210 minutes' football. A decider can be fixed for the following Friday or Monday. Professional players are capable of playing three matches in five days. Despite their jubilant mood, I cannot believe that the Leeds' players and officials were truly happy with a 3-3 "victory" in a Cup Final.

Of course, Leeds fully deserved to win the trophy. It is not their fault that a fatuous system is in operation which could have worked either for or against them. If a third match is not practical, the UEFA must opt for a "one match in a neutral country" Final for their new Cup, or abolish the "away goals" ruling from the semi-final stage onwards.

It is an open secret that financial considerations are playing a major part in drawing-up the rules, arranging dates and venues for these tournaments. But the public have no interest in the debit and credit balances of football clubs. They want to see fair play and are willing to give enormous support to these Cup competitions as long as the back-stage machinations are kept out of sight.

Illusions

But paper-defeats a la Juventus, and "victories" a la Panathinaikos will eventually shatter their illusions, and unless the authorities act swiftly, in a sporting spirit and not like greedy business tycoons, there will be a slump in attendances, and the glitter of "European Cup football" will be badly tarnished.

Last year I said very harsh things about the Anglo-Italian tournament, describing it as a non-event which devalues the other international Cups. But a competition which brings such players as Riva, Mazzola and Corso to London, can't be wholly bad.

Despite my original reservations, I enjoyed the Palace v. Inter game enormously, and to the greater glory of Gigi Peronace, I am learning to like this annual appendage to our over-long season. The goal-bonus system is of course ridiculous and totally out of proportion. The Australian idea of six points for a win, three for a draw, and one for each goal scored is more logical and reasonable.

BOBBY Charlton captained a World XI which thrilled a 103,000 crowd in Moscow in a testimonial match for Lev Yashin, the legendary Russian goalkeeper. The World XI drew 2-2 with Yashin's club, Moscow Dynamo, specially strengthened for the occasion by the inclusion of several top Soviet players from other clubs.

Yashin, now 41, played for 50 minutes in the farewell game of a glittering career and finished as he would have wanted . . . with no goals against. Both the World team's goals were scored after Yashin had departed to thunderous applause.

Before the game began, FIFA President Sir Stanley Rous made a short speech in which he said: "Yashin has become a legend in his own lifetime. We have come here from many countries to pay tribute and honour to the great sportsman and footballer Lev Yashin. He is known, respected and admired in all countries of the world.

Bobby Charlton and Lev Yashin before the start of the match between a Russian Select XI and a World team.

Teams

World XI: Mazurkiewicz (Uruguay); Djorkaeff (France), Facchetti (Italy), Schulz (West Germany), Meszely (Hungary), Pena (Mexico), Dumitrache (Rumania), Bonev (Bulgaria), Müller (West Germany), Charlton (England), Dzajic (Yugoslavia). Subs: Anczok (Poland), Lubanski (Poland), Zhekev (Bulgaria), Viktor (Czechoslovakia).

Moscow Dynamo Select: Yashin, Shtapov, Khurtsilava, Zykov, Sosnikhin, Grebnev, Chislenko, Szabo, Malofeyez, Yevryuzhikhin, Khmelnitsky.

YASHIN SAYS HIS FAREWELL

Dozens of soccer fans clashed with police in Tel Aviv when they demonstrated their support for the Benei Yehuda team, in danger of relegation from the national league. Four policeman were injured in the clashes and several people were cut by glass splinters when demonstrators threw stones at a passing bus. Twelve youngsters were taken into custody.

The demonstrators had met outside the offices of the Israeli Football Association, which was to have met to discuss the fate of the team. But an Association spokesman said later that it had been decided to postpone discussion on the team's future, as the atmosphere was not conducive to cool deliberation.

The youngsters were particularly annoyed at an Association decision to order a replay of a crucial game between Benei Yehuda and Holon Hapoel after the Hapoel team had failed to turn up. The Yehuda fans demanded that their team be awarded a 3-0 victory.

Police used their batons when the demonstrators threw stones at office windows. Shop windows were smashed and cars overturned.

Rinus Michels, trainer-coach of European Cup winers Ajax Amsterdam, has announced that he plans to leave Ajax though he has not received offers from other clubs.

Michels, who steered Ajax to victory in the European Cup when they beat Panathinaikos 2-0 in London, has been with Ajax for six years. He said: "I reached the top with Ajax and I think it is now the right moment to leave. I would like to gain experience with a foreign club. Ajax have offered me a very good contract but I think it is better to go.

THE destination of the 1971 Swiss Championship has finally been decided. Though Grasshoppers had to go through a play-off and extra time to do it.

Defending champions Basel, who have made a habit in recent years of snatching the Championship with a late burst during the second half of the season, almost did it again. The two teams tied points after Grasshoppers had at one stage appeared home and dry. Goal average not counting both teams had to fight it out for the honour of entering next season's European Cup.

And at one stage during the play-off Basel looked to be heading for their third consecutive Championship. Though a goal down after 17 minutes, they fought back to lead after 69 minutes, only for Grasshoppers to equalise and then forge into a two-goal lead in extra time before Basel got a third.

A happy end of season story too for Blackpool, newly relegated to the English Second Division after a one-year stay in the senior sphere. A disappointing year ended on a high note when they won the Anglo-Italian Cup, beating Bologna on their own ground in the Final.

The Final, which was relayed live to British television audiences, attracted 42,000 people, the majority of whom clearly expected the technically superior and more skilful Italians to lift the trophy. Yet the Lancashire side, set a fine example by their splendid captain John Craven, shrugged off a goal from Pace, levelled things in the second half (fittingly it was Craven who did the damage), and clinched the game in extra time with a fine effort from Micky Burns.

With this success under their belts Blackpool should certainly be much better equipped for the challenge of regaining their senior status next season.

WEST GERMAN NEWSLETTER
by
Arthur Rotmil

Bribery scandal erupts

AS Borussia Mönchen - Gladbach clinched the championship, so the battle against relegation threatens to explode into the biggest scandal in the history of *Bundesliga*. The president of relegated Kickers Offenbach, with the exotic name of Horst Gregorio Canellas, claims to have proof that Hertha Berlin players were bribed to lose their home match with Arminia Bielefeld, who, by winning 1-0, saved themselves from the dreaded drop.

Herr Canellas also accuses Cologne's goalkeeper Manfred Manglitz of suggesting a fee of 100,000 D. Marks (approximately £11,600) for "guaranteeing" an Offenbach victory at Cologne (Kickers lost 2-4). Canellas himself is charged with having tried to spur the Hertha players Bernd Patzke and Tasso Wild to greater efforts against Bielefeld with promises of extravagant win bonuses. Sinister moves behind the scenes, shadowy figures pulling strings, intriguing telephone calls and secret discussions of huge sums of money changing hands—in short, the last day of the *Bundesliga* seemed to pack all the ingredients of a second-rate spy thriller.

The only suspicious act to emerge—as I write—has been the sudden demand by goalkeeper Manglitz for leave of absence and his immediate engagement of a lawyer! Needless to say, the DFB has ordered a speedy inquiry into these startling allegations, which could shake German football to its foundations.

Dramatic

In retaining their crown, Borussia Mönchen-Gladbach became the first club to win the *Bundesliga* title twice. At the end of a most dramatic duel which kept the fans in suspense till the last day of the season, the holders thrashed Eintracht at Frankfurt by 4-1, to finish two points clear of Bayern Munich, who fell at the final hurdle — 0-2 in Duisberg. But the race for supremacy was also clouded by events outside the playing fields, which exercised a vital influence on the outcome of the championship.

On May 19, a special commission of the DFB rejected Borussia's appeal against the 0-2 forfeit score of their match with Werder Bremen and the fine of £180. This was imposed for failing to provide spare goalposts, or to carry out repairs to those which collapsed two minutes before the end of that game, which had to be abandoned with the score at 1-1.

The final verdict was only to be expected, for it is really inconceivable that a club of Borussia's status should have neglected to arrange adequate replacements. Neither could they plead not being responsible, just because the stadium happens to be owned by the municipality. In addition, the champions were threatened by court action from their own players, who in the event of losing the title were allegedly prepared to sue their "employers" for loss of earnings through negligence!

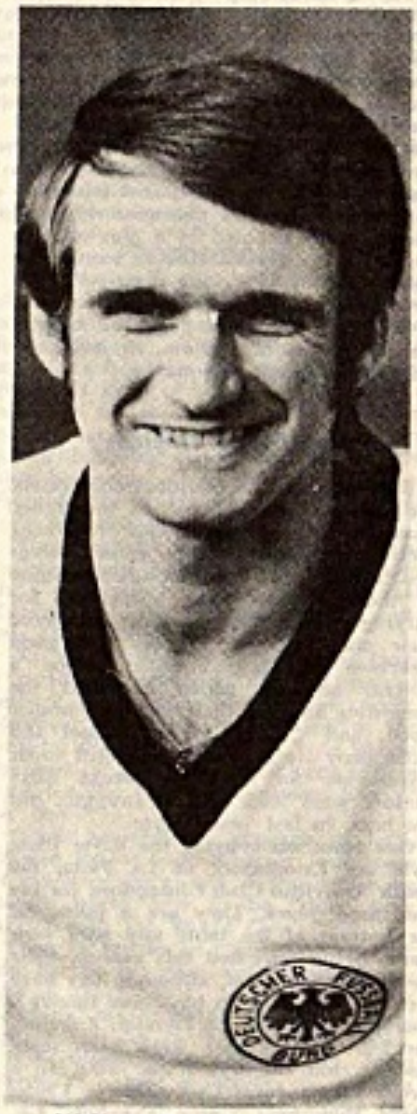
Fortunately German football was spared such indignity since the closest rivals, Bayern, failed to capitalise on the two points the leaders had so unexpectedly conceded. Bayern had their own problems, for only five days after Borussia's misfortune they were in turn punished by the DFB. The long and drawn out affair of the expulsion of Gerd Müller and Karl-Heinz Mrosko during the club's South American tour, ended with suspensions for both players.

Eight-week

For hititng an opponent from Universitario in Lima (Peru), on January 6, Müller was banned for eight weeks, while Mrosko received a two-week sentence for throwing the ball at a linesman. The evidence of Müller's witnesses—club manager Robert Schwann and team-mate Franz Beckenbauer—that no retaliation or expulsion had taken place, and that Müller was merely replaced(!) by Mrosko, was dismissed. The disciplinary committeee preferred the statement of the Peruvian FA, which confirmed the incidents as originally reported.

As Bayern's mid-field ace Franz Roth was already under an eight-week ban, the club had to play a couple of games without three key men, in the final run-in for the title. Gerd Müller missed not only the last two matches and a chance to retain his crown as leading scorer, he was also out of the Cup Final and lost four international caps: against Albania in the European Championship, plus the Scandinavian tour with games v. Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Bayern's protest against the suspension had little chance of success, simply because there was no time left for a DFB court of appeal to convene, before the end of the league programme.

The fight against relegation was overshadowed even earlier by outside factors. Cologne were surprisingly allowed to play two mid-week games in Spain. On the following Saturday they slumped to lowly Rotweiss Oberhausen by 2-4 at home (after leading 2-1!), and this result prompted severe criticism from other relegation candidates who claimed that Oberhausen gained two easy points in Cologne. Finally came the "Canellas affair", and, if that wasn't enough, now Rotweiss Essen, who finished last, are demanding that in view of the corruption scandal the relegation be suspended for this season altogether!



Wolfgang Overath of Cologne.

ERIC WEIL reports from BUENOS AIRES

DIDI INSPIRES CHANGES IN ARGENTINA

WALDIR PEREIRA "DIDI" has been successful. The team he coaches, River Plate, are joint leaders and finding it tough at the top as this wide open First Division (Metropolitan) Championship approaches the half-way stage, but more important for Argentine soccer is that what "Didi" said when he arrived, that he would change the mentality of Argentine soccer to what it was before, is coming true.

River Plate are trying to play the type of soccer which made Argentinians famous for their ball artistry and I say trying, because most of their young players are still in the formative stage. They are simply concentrating on attack and playing the ball. They have forgotten the gamesmanship, the obstruction, the body crunch of the Racing-Estudiantes era—and other clubs are copying them.

Didi says: "It doesn't matter how many goals the other team scores, as long as we score more." The FA has done its bit by changing the goal average law to give precedence to the team with the biggest difference between goals scored and goals against (although important places like championship and relegation are decided by a play-off). As a result, more goals are being scored this season than for a long time—3.2 per game—and the soccer is more attractive. River Plate are pulling in the biggest crowds, not Boca Juniors, as has been the case in recent seasons.

General mêlée

Boca Juniors, the national champions, are only in tenth place. As mentioned recently, the general mêlée following their Libertadores Cup game versus Sporting Cristal (Peru), resulted in nine of their players being suspended for varying periods. This naturally hampered their chances, even if they had good reserves. In May, however, came a general amnesty which benefited the remaining four of their players—winger Coch, half Cabrera, backs Rogel and Suñe, their captain—who were still under suspension. So after six weeks Boca Juniors were back at full strength, but not back to last year's form.

One team not copying the River Plate style are Estudiantes de La Plata, the South American Club Champions for the last three years. They are a point off the bottom of the table and with four teams being relegated this season, their position is not good, although they have a couple of games in hand and there's a long way to go. Coach Osvaldo Zubeldia has left them. There have been team changes, but the style's the same. In a recent Libertadores Cup game in Chile, where they beat Union Española 1-0, their style infuriated spectators so much that the players had a job getting off the field against a hail of stones and bottles.

Boca Juniors captain Sune, back after suspension, kicks the ball away versus Atlanta in a Metropolitan First Division match.

Fourth year

Yet Estudiantes, perhaps helped by being in the weaker semi-final group (they had a bye through the previous rounds as cup holders), are in the South American Club Championship final for the fourth year running. Why should they change their style which experience has taught them to be successful? But perhaps it's more the experience than the style. In the last three years, when winning the Cup each time, they played 24 games in this competition, winning 18, drawing three and losing three.

Ex-Estudiantes coach, Zubeldia, considered to be one of the best in the country, except for his aggressive style, had a short stay at Huracan, but his contract was terminated by mutual consent because the players didn't like his methods. Huracan are in the bottom four.

Platense's players, continually in conflict with the club over non-payment of wages, went one better. They just refused to accept a coach put in charge by the club board. There's a strong case here for throwing out the players. Platense are bottom with seven points from 15 games and an 18-40 goal record.

Leading positions in the Metropolitan First Division Championship:

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P
River Plate	15	10	2	3	35	21	22
Chacarita Juniors	15	9	4	2	25	13	22
Independiente	14	7	4	3	30	14	18
Newell's Old Boys	15	8	2	5	31	22	18
Velez Sarsfield	15	6	6	3	29	23	18

TENNIS, ATHLETICS, SWIMMING, NOW . . .

Warren is a soccer idol

by ANDREW DETTRE

STARS and super-stars—Australia has supplied more than her fair share over the years. The impact of such greats as Sedgman, Hoad, Rosewall, Laver, Frazer, Crapp, Cuthbert, Lundy, Elliott, Clarke, Wenden, Moras and more recently Gould, to mention only three sports, has been stupendous.

Now, for the first time, Australian soccer has also produced its first home-spun idol, a national celebrity, in 28-year-old Sydney player John Warren.

Actually, you couldn't imagine a less likely hero. Warren is quiet, almost shy and certainly deeply introverted; he completely lacks the bombast and exuberance one usually associates with national idols.

Yet, somehow, Warren has managed to achieve national prominence and fame.

This year he is playing in his 13th season in Sydney First Division, having burst on the scene at 16 with the once mighty Canterbury, hotbed for Australian talents. For the last few years he has been with St. George-Budapest, first as a striker and more recently as their midfield general.

John Warren, captain of St. George-Budapest and Australia, receives a bouquet of flowers from a kimono-clad Japanese girl in the Tokyo Olympic Stadium.

Warren would be the first to deny that he was a great player in the classic sense. He is not the fastest or most polished and certainly not the toughest or most artistic. However, in all these categories he is close to the top. Besides, he is consistent, inspired and inspiring as a leader, the type of fellow who can and often does grab a match with his bare hands and lets go only when the battle is won.

The youngest member of three footballing brothers—Ross and Geoff were also prominent before their retirement, both due to injuries—John Warren's international baptism came in 1965 when Australia faced North Korea in the World Cup elimination ties in Phnom Penh.

Since then he has become not only a regular of the Australian team but, since 1967, also its captain. With this team Warren has been travelling the world; through Asia in 1967, Korea, Mozambique and Israel in 1969, Asia, Europe and Mexico in 1970.

With 24 full international caps, Warren has the most distinguished record in Australian soccer. He played in a total of 11 World Cup elimination matches in 1965 and 1969 and came within a whisker of taking his team to the Mexico finals last year.

His style is characterised by dynamism. Occasionally he bursts through from his midfield position, picking up a loose ball or a pass and taking any defence by surprise.

Promotions

But Warren is more than merely a fine player; his whole life revolves around soccer. A few years ago he abandoned his university studies (economics) to take up a full-time post with St. George-Budapest as promotions officer. Once a week he writes a bright soccer column in an afternoon daily; he conducts junior coaching classes, appears on TV and represents a sporting goods manufacturer. He is, without a doubt, Australia's Mr. Soccer.

This year he gained immense satisfaction when leading his team to win the prestigeous Tokyo International Tournament. The Japanese tour, he says, was the highlight of his career.

At present Warren is recovering from a cartilage operation, his first serious setback in 13 years of top-class soccer. However, he hopes to be back in the fray by the end of August, long before the end of the season and certainly in time for the planned European tour of his club.

Given an ordinary measure of luck, Warren has at least three or four years of top-class soccer left, during which he would dearly love to be "third time lucky" with the World Cup.

Once he retires, he can just about pick and choose his next assignment. Somehow I don't think he will settle for coaching; his ambition and ability predestine him for more challenging tasks.

But regardless of the capacity, John Warren's name is likely to remain synonymous with Australian soccer for many more years to come.

THE GOSSIP AFT TO

"THE Wonderful World of Alfredo Di Stefano" began in the Barracas district of Buenos Aires way back in 1926. It stretched to River Plate ... Bogota, where he played for Los Millionarios ... and then to Real Madrid where he became one of the greatest forwards of all time, idol of Spain's million fans and football's most discussed personality.

His popularity was unbelievable, in spite of his strange character — and nowhere in the world has a player gained so many honours and played such a big part in a club's success.

But in August, 1958, Alfredo's "Wonderful World" was disrupted a little by the signing of Didi (Waldir Pereira) who later became the managerial revelation of Mexico 70.

The great Brazilian player signed for Madrid amid a fanfare of incredible publicity. Nothing quite like it had ever been seen in the capital's football circles. But, a few months later, after completing only part of his contract, Didi returned to Buenos Aires. It caused a first-class sensation for a few weeks, although it was later overshadowed by Real's continued Cup successes.

Miguel Munoz, manager of Real Madrid when Alfredo di Stefano left the club for Espanol.

Popularity

Didi recently gave his story of the uproar. "I arrived in Madrid hailed as the best player of the World Cup competition in Sweden," he said. "Everyone was talking about Didi. It was Didi, Didi wherever you went. Alfredo di Stefano, who had a great name in Europe, didn't like this excitement. He naturally felt it might reflect on his own popularity and became very anti-Didi both on and off the field. In many matches I was completely ignored, and at times pushed off the ball when preparing to take a free-kick.

"Naturally this kind of thing created an atmosphere and as can be expected reflected upon the team's form. Rather than see a great team disintegrate I preferred to make a personal sacrifice and approached President Santiago Bernabeu and Don Raimundo Saporta for a release from my contract. They understood the problem, sympathised, and we parted the greatest of friends."

Incompatible

When Alfredo was asked about the "affair", he said, rather tersely: "I had no problem or affair with Didi. He neither reached his normal form nor fitted into the side as Real Madrid thought he would. If a player is incompatible that is not the fault of another player or other members of the side. Didi was just unable to produce his best form or fit into the side. Nothing more."

I'm no Lord Chief Justice ... but everything points to the fact that Didi's version has more logic. Anyway ... 75,000 Real supporters thought so after each home match.

The departure of Didi left Di Stefano THE player of Real Madrid ... although with the arrival of Ferenc Puskas a little while later, the limelight had to be shared. The Hungarian was a different, a more cheerful character than Stef ... but the two became friends and with Hector Rial, Paco Gento and Kopa the greatest forward line of any team, anywhere in the world. Their names became legion.

Widespread

But time marched on, slowly and successfully for Alfredo. Then in 1964 came the news of his move from Real Madrid to Espanol, the Barcelona First Division side, where curiously another great name of Spanish football, Ladislov Kubala, was manager. The transfer caused a widespread shock, but considered sanely, it was not all that surprising. Stef was by then nearing his 40s.

Nevertheless gossip spread. "Di Stefano was a law unto himself. The team had to conform to Di Stefano. The player had become at cross-purposes with manager Miguel Munoz." Once again an affair developed, especially when no one seemed willing, or able, to give a straight explanation of the shock move.

Manager Munoz never once entered the controversy that arose ... only recently did he break his silence saying, rather nebulously: "A manager has to carry out his job and when the moment comes to fulfil his obligations on behalf of the club that pays him, he has to do what is necessary."

Alfredo now has definite views on the matter and explained when I asked him: "I did not leave Real Madrid with enmity. Why should I? Every manager has his obligations and there always comes a time when he has to rescind the contract of a renowned player. This cannot be argued, it's a necessity in the interests of the club. Consider! Antonio Rattin (Boca Juniors) was Argentine's most popular player, he was the idol of the 1966 World Cup, an extraordinary player. But when I took over the responsibility of Boca Juniors I felt his style and methods did not suit the new team structure, so I separated him from the side. Result ... Boca Juniors became champions.

"A manager studies the team as a whole, irrespective of personalities, and in the interests of the club. Responsibility for its success is in his hands and he has to take the consequences. Each manager has his own ideas ... Miguel Munoz had his. One thing is certain. Players, renowned or otherwise, pass, but the club or institution remains ... and Real Madrid have the best society and best organisation in the world."

Experience

Those are Di Stefano's views today after several years as a manager ... they don't quite coincide with those he had before his managerial experience and maturity.

(For his triumph with Boca Juniors he received the Government's "Gran Premio de Sport" as Manager of the Year ... in spite of the biggest press

STARTED ER MOVE ESPANOL

The strange, wonderful world of Di Stefano

PART TWO by NORMAN CUTLER

Alfredo di Stefano.

blasting any manager has received, for dropping Rattin.)

But let me revert a little to complete the trajectory of Stef's career. Di Stefano stayed two years with Espanol ... years that must have been so very frustrating and anti-climactical for the great player. Later, after taking the Federation's managerial course, he took up his first appointment with Elche which turned out to be one of the few unsuccessful periods of his life. Then came ... Boca Juniors and Valencia.

Honour

Thirty-nine years have passed since the six-year-old Stef was kicking a ball around with his father. He has gained —justifiably—every honour the game has to offer, except a World Cup winners medal. Now he has stepped over the threshold of a new career a changed man, and there is every reason to believe that he will be just as successful as a manager as he was a player.

Di Stefano's comments on his success at Valencia show just how much he has changed.

"Everyone talks about my success. No. The success is that of the players. I have helped them in physical and technical preparation, but it is they who have fought with such dedication to produce the results that brought us the title. Their rendering throughout the season was superb, their enthusiasm and determination has been unbelievable. No set of players could have worked harder.

Friendship

"In Valencia there is a tremendous friendship enveloping everyone. Apart from being manager I am a friend, and above all 'Papa Alfredo' to them all."

That—giving credit to other people—is certainly not the Di Stefano of old.

When with Real Madrid Alfredo Di Stefano was a phenomenon ... a player with all the skills ... a player whose remarkable split second precision passes wrecked the greatest of defences ... a genius at harrying defenders ... a man who had to perfection the know-how of bringing out, and into play, the skills of others. He did that on the field of play ... and during the past two years has learned to apply that knowledge on the training ground and from the trainer's box. He has shrewdly overcome that problem ... and is gradually mastering the most difficult task of all ... the one that can do him so much good—or harm—the battle with himself.

Fancisco Gento . . . a colleague of Afredo Di Stefano at Real Madrid and still going strong.

COLIN McALPIN reports from Northern Ireland

George Best (11) scores for Northern Ireland against England but the score was disallowed for an infringement against goalkeeper Gordon Banks.

Admission charges to be raised

FOOTBALL in the Irish League will cost the fans more next season—an increase of 5p to 20p—following the expected, but nonetheless alarming, drop in attendances of 33,000. And, for the first time in two seasons, there will be fixtures on Christmas Day.

The overall format of football in Northern Ireland will remain the same with the exception of the City Cup which will be run in two sections of six clubs with the winners meeting in a play-off. Previously the City Cup, like the opening Ulster Cup, was run on a league basis with each side meeting once.

The two sections will be: 1, Linfield, Distillery, Glenavon, Portadown, Ards and Bangor; 2, Cliftonville, Ballymena United, Coleraine, Derry City, Crusaders and Glentoran.

Attractions

The Christmas Day fixtures will see a gala of derby games. All the pairings, with the exception of the Ballymena United-Cliftonville one, are between local clubs. In Belfast the top attractions will be the games between Crusaders and Linfield and Distillery and Glentoran. The rest of the games are: Derry City v. Coleraine, Glenavon v. Portadown and Ards v. Bangor.

The season ended on an unusually high note. After a season of low-key football the last two, drama-charged, weeks produced much to remember. In the Blaxnit all-Ireland Trophy, for the semi-finalists from the IFA and FAI Cups, Linfield beat hot favourites Cork Hibs 2-1 in Dublin, after a 1-1 draw in Belfast, to keep the cup in the North.

Experiment

In the four years of this highly-successful competition, a money-spinning experiment which has touched briefly on the concept of all-Ireland soccer, Irish League clubs have been successful on three occasions. Dublin side Shamrock Rovers were the first to win the Blaxnit but since then Coleraine (twice) and Linfield have dominated.

And while Billy Bingham was bringing home the Blaxnit as boss of Linfield his other team, the Northern Ireland national side, was earning rave notices in the Home International Championship with victories against Scotland at Hampden Park and Wales at Windsor Park.

Indeed, many felt that the record books will never tell the true story of the recent series. England will go down as winners, yet it was the Irish who were always able to produce the better, more entertaining football.

There was much, indeed, to feel happy about in Northern Ireland's performances. With the rest of the European Championship games just around the corner—against Russia (twice) and Spain (once)—Billy Bingham, if he can maintain the momentum and get all his players released from their English clubs, is for once in the enviable position of having a young, highly-talented side capable of going on to greater things.

The series will always have something of the "might have been" look to it. Had a cheeky goal by George Best against England at Windsor Park been allowed to stand—and there were many who felt, at the time and since, that it was perfectly in order—and had the referee noticed the blatant hand-ball by Francis Lee which led to Allan Clarke's goal—which, in passing, had a suspicion of off-side about it—then Northern Ireland would have had their just reward. That they were the best side in the series, better by far than the dull, predictable English, goes without saying.

Sir Alf Ramsey, as enigmatic as ever, blandly commented after the game that England were troubled only briefly and were the better side. He did not, understandably in the circumstances, see the hand-ball incident (when 33,000 others did) but admitted that Clarke might have been off-side. Such comments came easy after the totally undeserved victory had been achieved.

Individual

But of the four home managers, Bingham has the most reason to feel proud. He produced a side full of individual flair and running, full of all things wished for by the fans. No, forget what the record books say—this was Northern Ireland's series!

And it was Northern Ireland who provided the man of the series in the Blackburn Rovers pivot Alan Hunter. Hunter, very much a man of the old school of centre-halves, emerged as a cool, natural successor to Terry Neill of Hull City, whose international career must now be all but ended.

Having thus spent the past couple of months recording a relentless tale of doom I'm pleased to end these notes on a couple of high notes. Let's hope next season brings us lots of sunshine!

PLAYERS LAST FAR LONGER

PROFESSIONAL footballers in most European countries are staying longer in the game today because they are fitter and have conquered Dad's old habit of too much elbow raising.

In Britain, soccer's top brass refuses to be drawn on the drink question but is firmly convinced that, generally, players are much healthier than they were between the wars.

Whatever the reason, it is a fact that the average length of service is steadily increasing. Proof of this comes with the new club lists which indicate how many stars are earning a living from the game through one decade to another. For 12, 15 and more years.

Perhaps not so long as Sir Stanley Matthews, who still trod the light fantastic on his fifty-first birthday at the end of a brilliant span of 33 seasons. Or Portsmouth's Jimmy Dickinson, Charlton's Sam Bartram, Bristol City's John Atyeo, Norwich City's Ron Ashman, or Tranmere's Harold Bell.

Possession

Nevertheless, we have a lively bunch of fellers hovering around or over the top of the hill who will be contesting possession again this winter. Most are members of the Thirty Club. The rest are queueing to join.

Let's glance at some examples of these "veterans" who have been entertaining the crowds a long time yet are planning to do so once again in this fresh campaign. I give you Dave Mackay, Denis Law, Billy Bremner, Jack Charlton, Derek Dougan, Brian Labone, Frank McLintock, George Heslop, Ron Davies, Hugh McIlmoyle, Terry Paine, Jeff Astle, Peter Bonetti, Peter Dobing, Andy Lochhead, Freddie Hill, Tony Hateley, Wyn Davies, Gordon Banks and Dave Gaskell. Quite a list.

Recognised

I shall be sorry when Mackay and Law reach the end of the road, though it has to be recognised that both have already travelled a long way. Mackay was with Hearts 14 years ago, yet now after great spells with Spurs and Derby is taking on a new lease of life with a third English outfit.

Manchester United's King Law, on whom more than £280,000 was spent in transfer deals in a crazy 28 months, was actually blunting the effectiveness of Ireland's Danny Blanchflower, at Hampden, as far back as November of 1958, after blossoming in the same Huddersfield line-up as Bill McGarry, now currently directing operations at Wolverhampton.

Leeds skipper Bremner was in the same relegation team as Don Revie in the fading 'fifties when, if you please, Jack Charlton had dodged working down a "great bloody hole in the ground" by leaving Ashington Colliery to do a job at Elland Road.

That tough Belfast native Dougan had crossed St. George's Channel to join Portsmouth before stealing the 1960 Cup Final headlines with a transfer request which sent him on his way from Blackburn to Villa, Peterborough and Leicester before settling down at Molineux.

Evertonians

Labone, unlike "The Doog", is never nomadic, though once this well-built centre-half considered a civvy street life with the family and spoilt a whole weekend for loyal Evertonians by suggesting quitting after 13 years. But the mood changed. He stayed. Now he reminds me of the song about Old Father Thames.

by

ERIC THORNTON

McLintock remembers first tasting the English game at Filbert Street in 1959, then experiencing three losing Wembley finals before better luck came along and the Arsenal skipper led The Gunners to a great double last glorious winter.

Heslop, who has successively worn the colours of Newcastle, Everton and Manchester City, was playing on Tyneside in the 'fifties with Jimmy Scoular, Jim McGuigan and Bob Stokoe before they all moved into the hot seats. And just about the same time Ron, of the Davies clan, had made his mark with Chester before moving to Luton and Norwich and finally making a home pad at Southampton.

Wander bug

McIlmoyle, whose wander bug has variously landed him in Carlisle, Wolverhampton, Bristol, Peterborough and Middlesbrough, can look back on the days when he was a buddy of McLintock's at Leicester. But he's the exact opposite of Paine, one of those old-time wingers, who signed for The Saints in their Third Division days 14 years back, and stayed put.

Astle has not roamed much all these years except to cover the 50-odd miles between the Notts County and Albion grounds. A similar remark may be applied to Bonetti, who merely took a 77 bus over the river from his Wandsworth home to sign for Chelsea as a kiddo 12 years ago, and join the Sillett brothers and Peter Brabrook.

Dobing, son of a one-time Rugby League idol, was a soccer pro in 1956, at a time when adjoining dressing-room pegs at Ewood were claimed by an international fivesome of Bill Eckersley, Ronnie Clayton, Bryan Douglas, Eddie Crossan and Mick McGrath.

Wage stakes

Lochhead, however, was a later starter in the wage stakes, even in his case, it is a baker's round dozen since this Villa, Leicester and Burnley striker was in a Turf Moor team, which often included Jimmy Adamson, Brian Pilkington, Ray Pointer, John Connelly, and Alex Elder.

Hill, a Sheffielder, has stayed around his beloved Pennines, spending many happy years with Bolton, and a brief sojourn with Halifax before moving to Maine Road with a long career behind him, though not one like the Hateley trail which, after starting at Nottingham, halted at Villa Park, Stamford Bridge, Anfield, Highfield Road and St. Andrew's until coming to a full stop back home at Meadow Lane.

Assessed

Davies—Wyn and Caernarvon to you! —was just beginning to hit 'em into the back of the net for Wrexham in the opening years of the 'sixties, and maintained that pleasant habit at Burnden and St. James's, which is the reason why Sheffield Wednesday assessed him at £60,000 this summer.

That brings us to another couple of long-serving goalkeepers — Banks, the treasured England Stoke man, who was Chesterfield's last line of defence in 1958, and Gaskell, who began challenging Harry Gregg for the Manchester United first team spot just afterwards and is now doing his stint for Wrexham in the Third Division.

What a bunch of great players. Let's wish them the best of luck in their resistance to the challenge of the up-and-coming youngsters!

FEWER GOALS MEANS POOR ENTERTAINMENT

ENGLAND won the Home International Championship much as most people felt they would before the competition started. But it was a far from satisfactory tournament and produced even fewer goals than the previous year. This time seven were scored against eight in 1969-70, and even half of these were shrouded in controversy.

Inspiring

The overall effect of the series was not an inspiring one. Tired players made for dull football, and though the television coverage gave the competition a wider audience, it was not happily the best of advertisements for the game.

It is difficult to know just what to do with the International Championship. In the days when the matches were part of the season and slipped in at odd intervals during it, there was no great concentration of interest. At least making it a tournament lasting just over a week provided a stimulant for the competition itself, but unfortunately came at a time when players were exhausted after a gruelling season of club matches at domestic and European level.

Roy MacFarland of England.

The only real sure fire box-office attraction is the England v. Scotland affair, but the four countries rely on these games for income, and there were 80,000 at Wembley for the England v. Wales match which cannot be shrugged off as lack of interest.

What is tragic about the entire affair is that after the first Saturday's matches in which England won 1-0 in Ireland and Wales and Scotland drew 0.0, it was odds-on England at least sharing the title, with two home fixtures to come.

Encounter

There remained just the real hope of a classic encounter between England and Scotland at Wembley.

At Windsor Park, Belfast, the Irish were rather unlucky to be beaten. That the goal was steeped in the controversy one came to expect in late season games last term is really beside the point. Ireland did not deserve to lose at all. Actually the goal came after Francis Lee had protected himself with his hands and finished up with a was-he-or-was-he-not-offside Allan Clarke goal. Really, you can't have much more luck in one game, can you?

Postponed

At Ninian Park the conditions were bordering on the farcical. But when was the last Home International Championship match postponed? No goals were scored, and with the ground conditions as boggy as they were, it was not altogether surprising.

On the following Tuesday, Northern Ireland went to Hampden Park and returned with both points, the result of a simple but tragic defensive error by the Scots, who seemed certain after this to become the wooden spoonists.

And as much for their performance against England a few days earlier as anything they achieved at Glasgow, the Irish deserved their win.

On the Wednesday it was the turn of England and Wales to provide a scoreless draw which really had the crowd frustrated beyond words. With their makeshift side of Second Division players and reserves no one expected the Welsh side to achieve anything spectacular, but from England there was nothing of the spark which has seen then rout similar home-bred opposition in the past. The players clearly seemed to have lost their zest for what was going on, drained by the arduous activity of club football at top level. They were paying the price of success in club circles, but this is of scant comfort to the paying public.

On the next Saturday came the long-awaited England v. Scotland match at Wembley, and at least for the first half-an-hour we had a real football match. Many described it as the greatest they had seen for years, but this was undoubtedly clouded by what had transpired for much of the international season earlier on.

Back-pass

But the first goal for England had comic proportions about it, to say the least. Martin Peters' header was handled on to the bar by John Greig, and the ball bounced down inside the field of play only for the referee to signal a goal! The Scots came back to score an equally laughable one, when a back-pass bobbed past the flailing boot of Hugh Curran and eluded everyone, including Gordon Banks.

The Scots then set about confirming the view that they have one of the most accident-prone defences in the world, and England led the "feast" of scoring to go in 3-1 at half-time.

Scotland started the second half with Billy Bremner moved up into the forwards and substitute Francis Munro in defence replacing Wolves colleague and centre-forward Hugh Curran, injured. For Frank McLintock it meant a switch to midfield, too. While these changes did not affect the defence, they did nothing to help the forwards, and Bremner, after having his name taken, disappeared from the game.

JACK ROLLIN reviews the Home International Championship

Only in the latter stages when Tony Green came into his own did there seem any remote possibility that the Scots would reduce the arrears. Then in a dramatic moment Green was taken off by Manager Bobby Brown for what he later described as a recurrence of cramp. But cramp or no cramp, Green had been the most effective blue shirt all afternoon.

This was the signal for a disgraceful outburst from the Scottish fans against Brown, but if it is any consolation to him it was really welled-up frustration seeking the obvious outlet.

Executed

Ireland made sure of second place by beating Wales 1-0 at Windsor Park in a game which they could have won far more easily. The goal was scored by part-timer Bryan Hamilton of Linfield, who was the least expensive player on view. The goal was as well executed as any in the competition, though it came to him as a result of a miscue by Dave Clements!

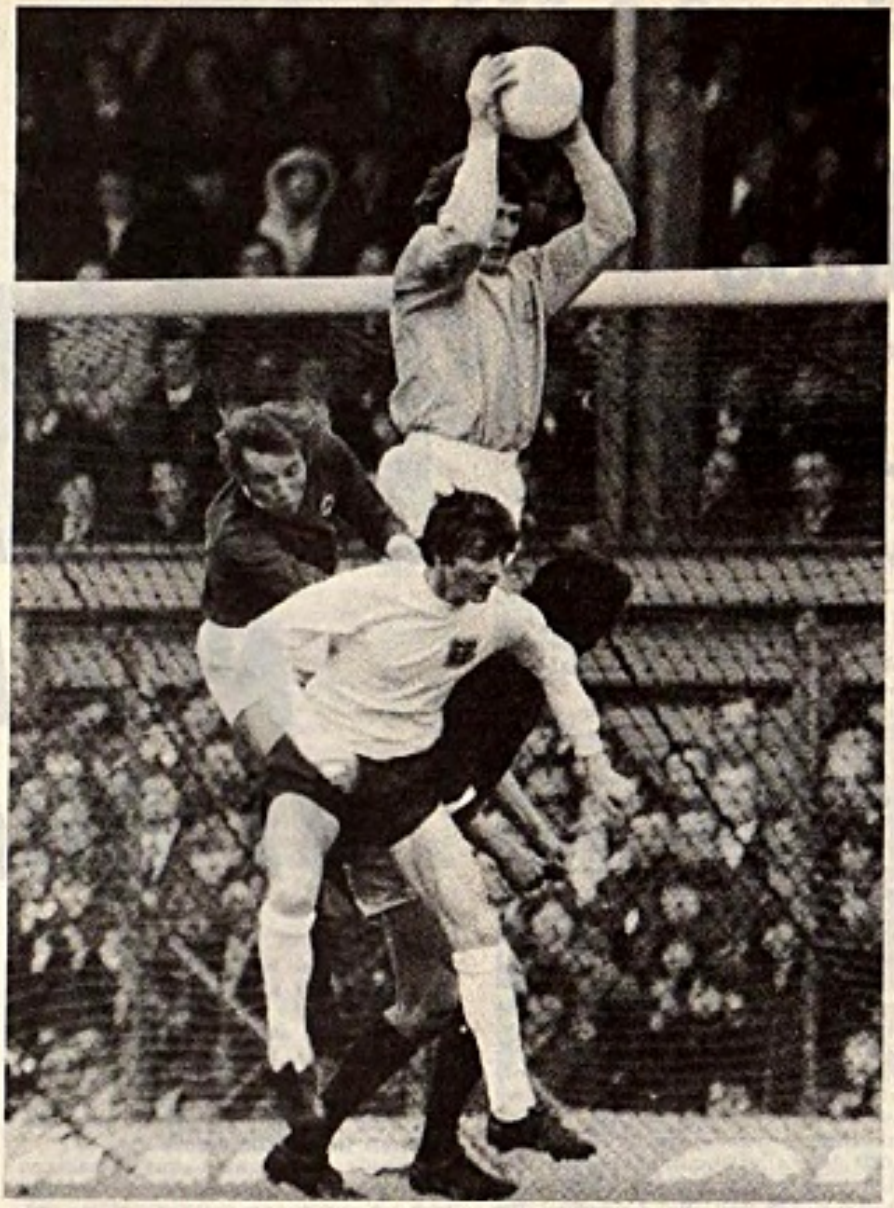
The Irish were certainly the most consistent team in the series, and but for their unfortunate result against England would not have been unworthy winners. Manager Billy Bingham could look back on the tournament with some satisfaction. And the player who caught the eye most in his team was centre-back Allan Hunter of Blackburn Rovers and a former Oldham Athletic defender. Well done the lads in green. . . .

Established

Wales did not manage to score a goal but with two points finished third. Their heroes were all in defence despite the absence of the more established chaps like Mike England and David Powell, both off injured. Their poorest display was oddly enough against Ireland.

For the Scots, it was another bitterly disappointing performance. One goal in three games and that the result of a fluke rather than a planned effort is little comfort to the hordes of fans who support the dark blues. Bobby Brown has the problem of mixing Anglos with local lads, but whatever formula he chooses it is the performance of the team on the park which needs urgent attention. It seems that almost any permutation of the side will still produce mediocre results.

While if the Irish do well this is a bonus, and no one expects a depleted Welsh eleven to shatter everyone, something more is always demanded of the Scots, yet rarely achieved.



Pat Jennings of Northern Ireland saves from England's Allan Clarke with the assistance of two Irish defenders.

This leaves England, and though they did carry off the championship there was no real call for cheers about the accomplishment. The player who emerged with most credit was Martin Chivers, who scored two well-taken goals at Wembley against the Scots and showed that the tremendous confidence which has come into his play during the past year with Tottenham Hotspur has transferred itself with a look of permanency to the England side.

Terry Cooper also confirmed the view that he is the best left-winger in the world. No there is no misprint—he is the best left-winger in the world. . . .

But it is perhaps wrong to make judgements on players in other positions who were suffering from the after-effects of a grind which began a year earlier on the road to Mexico.

Still if one can make due allowances for the players, there is none for the system in which they are playing. It was never very exciting to watch even when it won the World Cup, but now it is becoming out of date and much in need of new ideas. It is time that the England team set a pattern for others to follow rather than wait for someone to produce one which will lead to our downfall.

Our defeat in Mexico last year was as much the result of better individuals achieving success against us as any new system. We remain a difficult side to beat, but the number of teams who can prevent us from winning will surely diminish if we persist in the present pattern of hoping for opponents to play the way we want them to.

Bayern face Cologne

by ARTHUR ROTMIL

THE German Cup final was disputed between the two sides who did well in this season's Fairs Cup tournament. Cologne, the conquerors of Arsenal, who reached the semi-finals before bowing out to Juventus and Bayern who fell to Liverpool in the quarter-finals. Bayern are, of course, the country's most successful Cup team of recent years, having won the trophy in 1957, 1966, 1967 and 1969, the year of their "double". In addition they also won the Cup Winners Cup in 1967. Cologne's solitary Cup triumph dates back to 1968.

In the semi-finals both clubs won their ties away from home. Bayern ended the fine run of the "giant-killers" Fortuna (from the *Regional-Liga West*) whom they beat by 1-0 at Düsseldorf, thanks to a goal from Müller, of course . . . 25,000 fans cheered their heroes non-stop, but apart from rattling the woodwork Fortuna could not break down Bayern's well-organised defence. In Gelsenkirchen a near capacity crowd of 32,000 began celebrating, as after 17 minutes goals by Scheer and Libuda gave Schalke a 2-0 lead. But Cologne came back magnificently and won 3-2, thanks to second-half effort from Overath, Thielen and Flohe.

Quarter-finals

With Poland dropping a point in Albania, the Germans are now strongly placed in the European Championship group. The matches of these teams in the autumn will probably decide who enters the quarter-finals. Never before have national players managed such a series as Franz Beckenbauer or Wolfgang Overath. The former has reached 50 caps after only six years, while the latter can boast 60 call-ups. This is seen from this list of most capped men: Uwe Seeler (72), Paul Janes (71), Willi Schulz (66), Ernst Lehner (65), Fritz Walter (61), Wolfgang Overath (59), Herbert Erhardt (50), Franz Beckenbauer (49), Karl-Heinz Schnellinger (47), Horst-Dieter Höttges (47), Wolfgang Weber, Albin Kitzinger and Andreas Kupfer (all 44).

NICE BESET BY QUARRELS

ST. ETIENNE is not the only French club which has its troubles *(see page 15)***; indeed, if a club which has monopolised the title for so many years can run into such alarming difficulties, what hope is there for anyone? Nice, certainly, have fallen on difficult times. The Côte d'Azur team, thrashed 6-0 in mid-May at Angers, has been beset by quarrels in the boardroom.**

It's the usual power struggle between rival groups. Behind one is the popular and forceful Mayor of Nice, M. Médecin, son of a former mayor of that delectable city; a great Nice fan who has put plenty of money into the club and seen to it that the municipality supports it, too; generously and vitally. His own protégé and nominee, M. Roger Locuillet, a wealthy, vigorous businessman working for an American company, is the Nice president. As such, his somewhat dictatorial ways have made him enemies, as well as supporters.

Presided

In the other corner—the former president of Nice, a lawyer, M. Jean Charles, who presided over the "Gym" club, as it's known, in its great days of the early '50s; days of Yeso Amalfi, and the rest. Being elected on to the Directing Committee, and being president general, he engineered a clever coup, refusing to delegate any further powers to the Nice "Steering Committee" over the professional team, and insisting on appointing a committee of his own. If you are a little bewildered by the complications of it all, who wouldn't be?

What is perfectly clear, and somewhat threatening in implication, is that the president himself had been neatly outflanked, causing the Mayor to threaten the withdrawal of all funds from the municipality. In other words, the end of OGC Nice. There's certainly no love lost between Charles and Locuillet. "If," says M. Charles, "you steer a boat as though it's your own private property, you end by having everyone on your back."

Foreigners

The president has been sharply criticised for the extravagance of having no fewer than five foreigners on the books; and M. Charles points out that Locuillet has for two years been getting all official communications to be sent directly to his home, rather than to the club!

There's talk, meanwhile, of a possible merger between Nice and the highly organised local amateur club, Cavigal, with its 15 (count them 15) teams. In the past, relations between the two have not been good, and Cavigal's stars—among them Herbin of St. Etienne, have tended to go elsewhere.

Meanwhile, everything in the garden is lovely just along the coast, at Monaco, where the local club has had a wonderful run in the Cup, and is bound to return next season to the First Division. Not entirely a happy prospect for Nice.

ANDRE DUCLOS

NORMAN CUTLER reports

SEVILLE RELEASE MERKEL

SEVILLE have parted with Max Merkel, the "archduke of discipline", for the very things he would never tolerate from his players . . . indiscipline, giving indiscreet press interviews and lack of consideration for the club.

His departure, to me, was not unexpected (World Soccer, May 1971) for he had been skating on thin ice throughout the season. The only surprise was that the Board of Directors kept their patience as long as they did. Yet even then it was Max himself who overturned his own boat.

It all started soon after the turn of the season when the tremendous psychological, physical and mental pressures that Merkel's labour camp regime had forced upon the players over the last 18 months, began to have the expected adverse effects. Companionship began to disappear, tension mounted, nerves snapped, dissatisfaction became rife, which together with the manager's iron hand and incomprehensible team experiments, brought everyone to the verge of breaking point.

Diplomatic

At first Max defended his methods and actions logically. But when the situation showed no signs of improvement his press statements became more pungent and less diplomatic. The still patient Board insisted he fall in line with his players and give no more interviews. Merkel agreed . . . and although there was less open controversy, the seething unrest was still below the surface.

Then came reports that Max had demanded reinforcements before the cup competition opened. The club's coach produced a list of suggested players, none of whom Merkel approved (I don't blame him for that).

During this period there appeared some of the mysterious kite-flying . . . the kind that last season brought Max a new and more beneficial contract. Bayern Munich were anxious to sign Merkel . . . Rapid Vienna were enquiring . . . Wacker Innsbruck wanted him (incidentally he "advised" them during their Cup Winners' Cup matches with Real Madrid) . . . Barcelona were also said to have made overtures.

Simultaneously there were contrary reports . . . Helenio Herrera was being considered by Seville's Board and that Inter's ex-manager, Heriberto Herrera, was heir apparent. Brian Clough's name was mentioned, so were those of Hector Rial, Didi and Brazil's Zagalo.

It all became a game of chess with the moves and counter-moves being made (unless you knew different) by phantom players.

Max broke his silence in April when he said, somewhat threateningly: "I'm a manager of illusion . . . if the necessary reinforcements to make Seville into a championship-winning side are not forthcoming, I shall return to Munich." President D. Cisneros Palacios, unmoved, replied: ". . . talks are in hand concerning the manager's contract."

But still the uncertainty continued . . . rumour followed rumour . . . and by the time the League season ended with Seville finishing a disappointing seventh, the whole business had become unbearable.

Max Merkel himself, finally lit the fuse that sparked off the explosion. He inexplicably gave an interview to the Malaga newspaper *Sur* which everyone considered was damaging to the club and offensive . . . thoroughly justifying the strongest disciplinary measures.

He spoke of a discussion with the Seville president: "We talked for two hours about the weather, the ground . . . even boots . . . everything except the purpose of the discussion, my contract. In the end I had to ask if he wanted me to continue as manager. He just said 'Why not'. Nothing about terms, conditions. I was asked to continue in the same manner as you would ask for a drink in a bar. This I couldn't tolerate."

Illusions

Other points in the fatal "Indiscretions of Max" were that the president had big ideas and illusions but the club had little money to spend on players . . . he complained he was not consulted when three unknown players were signed . . . he maintained the club had no interest in competent managers . . . and that the board was incapable, their only interest in the League side being self-interest and the prestige they gained from it.

After that there was only one decision the Board could possibly reach.

They called a meeting two days later and announced a disciplinary expedient (action) against the manager . . . "that Max Merkel be suspended from his functions and position as manager of the League side . . . that he refrain from making any kind of statement or repeating the offensive declarations made in *Sur*, etc. etc.

Next morning the president met the players and explained the measures adopted by the Board, appealed for co-operation with the temporary manager (Diego Villalonga), and a "super" effort in the Spanish Cup competition. Jose Maria Negrillo (Merkel's interpreter) collected the Austrian manager's personal belongings from the stadium, and Max left for "vacations in Torremolinos".

And so Max Merkel, the controversial tough guy of European football, fell a victim of his own "Commandments". He killed the goose that laid the golden egg . . . and for that unnecessary interview paid the price of gold — his contract valued at £16,000 a year plus.

Max Merkel, sacked by Seville.

SWISS REMAIN UNDEFEATED

SWITZERLAND'S fervent hopes of gaining maximum points before facing England in their remaining and decisive autumn battles in their European Championship group, were happily realised with a more than deserved 1-0 victory over Greece. Rarely has a scoreline been more misleading, for the Swiss gave one of their finest displays for many a year dominating this match and their opponents completely.

The fact that they failed to take several clear-cut chances and managed only one goal, throws a sombre shadow on their finishing powers. This fault must be ironed out if the Helvetians are to have any hope of surprising England.

A crowd of 37,000 at the Wankdorf stadium in Berne saw a mostly one-sided game, since the visitors were content for long spells to concentrate on defence. Just as against England at Wembley, the Greeks again took the field without the Panathinaikos stars, who were this time preparing for the European Cup final.

The Swiss coach Louis Maurer made three changes, two of them enforced: The injured defender Boffi and winger Quentin were replaced by Ramseier and Jeandupeux, while Citherlet made way for Perroud in this line-up (first figure denotes age, the second the number of caps: Mario Prosperi 25/16 (Lugano); Peter Ramseier 26/16 (Basel), Weibel 29/10 (Lausanne), Pierre Chapuisat 23/10 (Lausanne), Georges Peroud 29/16 (Servete); Karl Odermatt 28/36 (Basel), Rolf Blättler 28/18 (Lugano), Köbi Kuhn 27/38 (FC Zürich); Walter Balmer 23/6 (Basel), Fritz Künzli 25/32 (FC Zürich), Daniel Jeandupeux 22/4 (Chaux-de-Fonds).

One-way

This match could have been won by at least four clear goals. This was precisely the number of easy chances which Künzli alone had missed. In addition, Jeandupeux rattled the bar, whilst Odermatt hit a post. Eventually, after 74 minutes of virtually one-way traffic, it was the captain Karl Odermatt who converted a centre from Blättler to score the golden winner. With eight points from four games and a goal tally of 9-1, the Swiss will face England, first at home in Basle on October 13, before appearing at Wembley, on November 10. England will then have to visit Greece in Athens on December 1.

The fight for the league championship has rarely produced such a sensational finish as the last-gasp race between Grasshoppers and the defending "Meister" Basel. With four rounds left, GC were beaten at last. Their magnificent series began on August 29 and included, in 18 matches, 16 victories and two draws with a goal record of 46-10!

Their 1-3 defeat at La Chaux-de-Fonds was not wholly a surprise as firstly the Grasshoppers have not won there in 12 years (since 1958-59 in fact), and secondly the hosts have improved enormously, following the good work of their new coach Georgiadis from Greece. But this set-back was succeeded by another slump, this time at home to their fierce local rivals FC Zürich, by 1-2.

Meanwhile Basel, thanks to wins over that same Zürich by 1-0 and Winterthur 5-0, have caught and overtaken the leaders on goal difference. During a nail-biting week both clubs won difficult away matches and entered the last day with home fixtures to come: Grasshoppers beat Sion by 3-0, whilst Basel triumphed 3-2 over Young Boys, and are thus undefeated at home for three years in 39 games!

For the first time since the foundation of the National League in 1933—and also when the Division comprised 14 teams—the total of 42 points has proved insufficient to win the championship. With both challengers level on points, the F.A. ordered a play-off for the title to take place on a neutral ground at Berne.

A defensive wall—Greek fashion—during the European Championship match between Switzerland and Greece.

International Post-Mortem by Roger Macdonald

Denmark humble Scotland

BELGIUM had a leisurely 4-0 victory over Luxembourg, virtually a training match for the important European Championship match against Denmark in Copenhagen. Jean Dockx, whose performance in midfield has explained much of Belgium's success during the past season, had to go off with an ankle injury—but he recovered in time for the game against the Danes.

Denmark, pursuing their new policy of including professionals from abroad whenever they are available, numbered among them Kresten Bjerre—who plays for the same Belgian club as Dockx, Racing White. Bjerre's tackles soon made certain that any ingrained club loyalty was soon forgotten, and Paul Van Himst had plenty to say to Bjerre off the ball when the referee was looking the other way.

Favourites

Denmark gave as good as they got for over an hour, but two goals by Devrindt in quick succession put Belgium comfortably ahead—comfortably enough, at any rate, to survive a late Danish rally in which Bjerre took time off his defensive duties to reduce their lead.

That victory left Belgium firmly at the head of their group, with maximum points from four matches. They must now be strong favourites to qualify for the quarter-finals, even though they still have to meet Scotland in Glasgow and Portugal in Lisbon.

Portugal, finding a little of their old flair, should prove a stern test, but unless the Scots show a revival of unprecedented proportions, they will be in for another beating. At least, that is the only rational conclusion from their latest fiasco, a defeat by the same Danes, 1-0 in Copenhagen.

While it is true that Denmark gave Belgium a good match, and are a much more formidable opponent when strengthened by their overseas professionals, Scotland are now struggling to hold their own in the second division of European international football. Injuries, and the persistent obstinacy of many English clubs to release important players, undoubtedly plays a significant part in their dismal performances; but the very mediocrity of the Scottish team makes players less anxious to be chosen and in particular reluctant to press for their own release.

It may be that these difficulties are insurmountable, that while Scottish football, despite the affluence of Rangers and Celtic, remains an English colonial backwater, there is no hope of building an international team fully reflective of the Scots' huge talent. What is surely indisputable, however, is that some men might make a spirited attempt to overcome these difficulties—and at least put Scotland in a position where they could justifiably press for the release of players because they were on the threshold of qualifying for the World Cup.

But Bobby Brown lacks the ability for this feat, lacks the respect of the selectors, and the confidence of his players. The bitter altercation in the dressing-room at half-time during the 3-1 defeat by England at Wembley showed how far Brown had fallen below the stature required for his job. He can serve Scotland far more by resigning than he ever will by toying with a task that was always beyond him.

Denmark's Benny Nielsen (centre) is jubilant after scoring the only goal of the game against Scotland. Bobby Clarke is the beaten Scottish goalkeeper.

Juventus lose without being beaten

LEEDS WIN AT LAST!

SO for Leeds, a trophy at last—the European Fairs Cup, whose hybrid personality disappears, for better or worse, into the hands of UEFA next season, when the UEFA (Oofar?) Cup makes its appearance. But while Manager Don Revie was justly delighted for his team, it must be profoundly unsatisfying to win the final without actually beating the opposition—rather like winning a cricket match in the Sunday League when rain has reduced the number of overs that matter.

In Turin the municipal stadium was guarded like a fortress to prevent a repercussion of the semi-final, when hundreds of fans without tickets stormed the gates and broke into the stadium. They occupied a lot of seats illegally, and when the genuine ticket-holders arrived there was nearly a second riot inside the stadium. But for the final road blocks were set up two miles from the stadium, and further disasters were prevented by adding barbed wire to the surrounding walls.

Talented

The 2-2 draw achieved by Leeds in Turin, helped a great deal by the inadequacies of the Juventus goalkeeper, Piloni, meant that Juventus had to carry the game to Leeds in the return at Elland Road. But by committing as talented a player as Causio to marking Terry Cooper, who through the absence of Johnny Giles had the left wing all to himself, Juventus gave themselves little chance of scoring the two goals they needed for survival.

★

Below . . . Allan Clarke scores for Leeds United against Juventus in the second leg of the Fairs Cup final at Elland Road. Right . . . Jack Charlton has the Juventus defence in a spot of bother from this corner kick.

★

BRITONS AID PROMOTION

ENGLAND, according to my Pan American World Guide, is about the size of Alabama; Wales is the size of New Jersey; Northern Ireland is a little bigger than Connecticut, and Scotland compares per square mile to South Carolina.

"Davids" we may subsequently be in territorial terms, but there's a "Goliathic" approach in the way Britons are helping promote the round-ball game via the eight-club North American Soccer League, now in its fifth season.

Only St. Louis Stars fails (if that is the word!) to parade British talent, and on my recent visit to the American soccer scene, I compiled the following list of personalities:

● **ATLANTA CHIEFS:** John Cocking (back), Enfield; Ken Bracewell (back), Burnley; Mike Hobson (half-back), Aston Villa; Dave Metchick (half-back), Fulham, Arsenal; Barry Lynch (forward), Aston Villa; Mike Ash (forward), Sheffield United. Coach: Vic Rouse (goal), Orient and Crystal Palace.

● **DALLAS TORNADO:** Ken Cooper (goal), Blackpool, Blackburn Rovers, Fleetwood; John Best (half-back), Liverpool, Tranmere Rovers, Stockport County; Dick Hall (half-back), Weymouth; Roy Turner (half-back), Everton, Northwich Victoria; Tommy Youlden (half-back), Portsmouth, Arsenal; Barry Rowan (forward), Millwall; Tony McLoughlin (forward), Everton, Wrexham, Chester, Altrincham; Bobby Moffat (forward), Portsmouth; Phil Tinney (forward), Liverpool, Dundee. Coach: Ron Newman, Portsmouth, Orient, Crystal Palace.

● **MONTREAL OLYMPICS:** Kieron Baker (goal), Bournemouth; Gerry Rainey (goal), Glentoran, Distillery; Clive Charles (back), West Ham United; Ian Tyer (back), Stockport County, Rossendale United.

● **NEW YORK COSMOS:** Barry Mahy (back), Scunthorpe United; Charlie McCully (half-back), Stirling Albion; John Young (half-back), Hibernian, St. Johnstone. Coach: Gordon Bradley (half-back), Sunderland, Bradford PA, Carlisle United.

● **ROCHESTER LANCERS:** Peter Short (half-back), Liverpool, Wolves; Dave Thompson (forward), Clyde.

● **TORONTO METROS:** Dick Howard (goal), Crewe Alex., Chester; Geoff Credington (goal), Aston Villa; Brian Rowan (back), Aston Villa; Brian Talbot (half-back), Ipswich Town; Neil Risch (half-back), Aston Villa; Angus Moffat (forward), Motherwell, Falkirk; Ian McHattie (forward), Crystal Palace; Len Tomkins (forward), Crystal Palace. Coach: Graham Leggat (forward), Fulham.

● **WASHINGTON DARTS:** Danny Paton (half-back), Hearts; John Kerr (forward), St. Mirren, Partick Thistle, Ipswich Town; William Fraser (forward), Huddersfield Town, Hearts; Peter Spiring (forward), Bristol City. Coach: Alan Rodgers, New Brighton, South Liverpool, Redhill.

Embraced

The league's Commissioner is Phil Woosnam, 38-year-old former Orient, West Ham, Aston Villa and Wales (17 caps) star. Woosnam awaits the day when every major city will be embraced by the NASL; his message to the nation being: "One day North America will appreciate the benefits to be derived from soccer, both as an opportunity for youth and as an international experience."

Soccer, meantime, fights for an identity in this vast country; the problems being the obvious and inevitable ones. Here are reports from a cross-section of the 37 States affiliated to the United States Soccer Football Association:

● WASHINGTON: "Only a small territory has so far been touched, but our growth potential is held back by the lack of funds for full-time personnel."

● *UTAH:* "Progress in the development area is hard, and soccer grows slowly. The impetus of competition with out-of-state teams is restricted by the long hours of travel."

● *OKLAHOMA:* "We do not have enough playing fields for junior teams; not enough coaches and, for that matter, referees. There is a definite shortage of referees for senior matches; this shortage being partly due to low referee fees. Distances are great between cities and, therefore, it takes dedicated officials, and these are hard to get."

KEN OULTRAM reports from the USA

● *OHIO-INDIANA:* "The obvious shortage is of people interested enough to teach boys the fundamentals of the game and to progress with them in higher standards of coaching."

● *MISSOURI:* "We are in great need of a soccer stadium that could be used the year round. Much hard work is still needed."

● *MINNESOTA:* "Many colleges do not recognise soccer. In some cases the reason may be financial."

● *LOUISIANA:* "More progress would have been made had we had a few more people willing to sacrifice more of their time to give Louisiana its rightful place in the soccer world."

● *ILLINOIS:* "The State experienced a "referees strike" last season, but all leagues brought their schedules to completion with the help of volunteer referees and out-of-state arbiters."

● *HAWAII:* "Courses by qualified referees would benefit the growing number of referees here who are mostly self-taught or have learned by sharing their own experiences and problems. It would help to standardize the interpretations of the laws as some 40 countries are represented by the soccer players of Hawaii."

● *COLORADO:* "Our critical shortcoming is still referees."

● *GEORGIA:* "We do need more publicity because, although material is sent to the major newspapers, it is rarely used. There are not enough fields; in fact no soccer fields as such."

● *CALIFORNIA:* "We are still looking for more co-operation from the news media, more good referees, more coaches —especially for youth teams—and more places to play."

From my own observations there is plenty of soccer in North America . . . if you can find it! Certainly the American sports traditionalists are not anti-soccer — they're just too darn lazy to swot up on it.

On any spare piece of ground you'll find the kids revelling in an impromptu game of baseball (the season runs concurrent with the NASL schedule). Those less inclined to cast off energy support the yo-yo craze which is sweeping the country, coast to coast.

Facilities

What about those juniors who DO want to learn about the world's most popular team game? If they're at a school which does not offer an opportunity of facilities to play they can surely watch pro soccer at the nearest NASL club ground. And THAT could be 2,000 miles away! Hardly an excuse to ask "pop" to get the auto on the road.

Another observation was the lack of soccer publicity in the press and on radio and TV. Was the *Washington News* interested in a snippet of soccer news from my own pen? "No thank you," confided anotherwise very courteous Mr. Sports Ed.

My attempts to buy *Soccer Review*, *Soccer News* or *National Soccer News* also failed miserably. And I must have enquired at a dozen different news stands.

My presence in New York coincided with the visits of Heart of Midlothian (Scotland) and Lanerossi Vicenza (Italy) for matches against New York Cosmos in the 65,000-capacity (baseball) Yankee Stadium. Less than 8,000 fans (total) saw the two encounters (Cosmos losing twice).

Why are attendances so disappointing? I would suggest that the role of the British, European and South American players who make up the NASL be a temporary, pioneering one. For I firmly believe that Americans WILL watch local boys play in local teams.

SPAIN LOSE TO RUSSIA IN MOSCOW

SPAIN lost their ten-match unbeaten international record on a baking hot Moscow afternoon in the capacity filled Lenin Stadium. It was hardly surprising . . . it had to happen some time. But what a shock that 1-2 defeat by Russia gave the over-confident Spanish fans. It'll do them good, they were beginning—stupidly of course—to look upon the "Kubala Boys" as unbeatable.

The much-publicised revenge match (for Russia's defeat by Spain in the 1964 final) was a complete anti-climax after the excitement of the Yashin Homage game two days before, when the captain of the World XI, Bobby Charlton, received as much crowd worship as Soviet-hero Yashin. Anti-climax or not the European Championship game did reveal that the Russians are not all they are often cracked up to be. In fact that "secret dossier" (WORLD SOCCER, May 1971) was bang on. I cannot for the life of me understand why Spain chose to ignore their "secret agent's" report.

The game also pinpointed a problem, born of Latin temperament, that Ladislav Kubala has yet to solve. When he came back from Mexico last July, Lazy said, in a WORLD SOCCER interview: "Spain lacks continuity. Our side plays like titans in one game, then falls away badly in the next. Consistency must be developed. . . ." That still accurately sums up the International side.

Flair

Against Northern Ireland they were irrestible . . . and no team in the world could beat them if they always played as they did against Italy. But in Moscow! Madre mia! They were pedestrian, unimaginative and completely without flair and ideas. They were desperately chasing the Russians for most of the game . . . and their forwards were non-existent in a game that was played almost entirely between the 18-yard lines. As for their shooting, it would easily have won them—by converted tries—the Calcutta Rugby Cup. Only their defence came through with any kind of reputation. Russia were at least workmanlike and determined . . . Spain just flapped around and got nowhere.

That's my brief summing-up of the game . . . but let me pass on the opinions I gathered from Spanish and Russian officials.

Ladislav Kubala. "The Russians swung into rhythm from the start and maintained it throughout. But they only became really dangerous 15 minutes from the end which coincided with the injury to Sol, and a minute later to his substitute, Anton. These injuries were decisive.

"The first goal was a glorious one—a perfect pass by Nodja to Kolotov, whose shot was unstoppable. *(It was the game's only impressive attacking move.)* The other goal *(from a corner)* was a gift, a ridiculous defensive error. *(Spain's only defensive slip.)*

Spain versus Russia in Moscow. Russia won 2-1.

Excuses

"Another factor was our players have just completed a hard season, whereas the Russians were fresh. That was the only department in the which the Soviets were superior." Normally Kubala is not one to make excuses, but he made them this time, loyally defending his players.

Spain's captain, Amancio, took the same view. "Russia's victory was not merited . . . their physical preparation was excellent, but technically they were in no way better than we were. A draw, 0-0, would have been a just result."

In a game outstanding for its lack of tantrums, Amancio showed his usual irritations, and there were evidently other occasions which he didn't *show*. Referee Biwersi (Germany) scathingly said: "Amancio, bah. He has a reputation as a protester . . . we rarely take any notice of him."

NORMAN CUTLER travelled to Moscow with Spain and sent this report to WORLD SOCCER

Kolotov of Russia (left) and Spain's Klaramund jump for the ball during a European Championship match in Moscow.

The Spanish Minister of Sport (D. Juan Gich), who travelled with the party unofficially as a supporter, said: "Russia were strong opponents. A minimum difference defeat is very acceptable. I am most optimistic for the future and have great confidence in Spain's progress in this competition."

D. Jose Luis Perez Paya (President of the Spanish Federation) was more concerned about the injured players Anton and Sol. He had engineered the postponement of the Valencia's cup tie with Betis, so the two defence stars could join the team in Russia. Their injury created misgivings, although Valencia eventually won their Cup match 4-0. He commented: "We lost because of injuries. We've lost Kubala's unbeaten record . . . but against Russia on their own ground! Is that bad?"

Cohesion

The bluntest comments came from self-described tourist Alfredo Di Stefano. "Russia were bad, but they did get going . . . and won. Spain never started . . . so lost. I've no time for either side. The game completely lacked interest, both teams employed defensive tactics . . . it never looked like becoming anything Had Spain's forward line shown any cohesion and thrust—or had there been any forwards—they might well have scored three or four goals."

Which brings me to the focal point of Spain's defeat. An elementary one. They failed badly in midfield. The reason was simple . . . the absence of Pirri, Real Madrid's great attacking mid-field star, who was injured in Athens.

Defensive

I cannot remember ever seeing sides—Real and the International XI—fall to pieces so much through the absence of one player. Pirri is the heart, brain and motor wherever he plays . . . his loss was a tragedy in two Cities. He played with a plastic cast in the Cup Winners Cup replay in a defensive half-back role. Real's forwards never began to function until he bravely moved up midway through the second half, then it was too late. In Moscow he was Substitute of Honour and spent the afternoon taking cine films. He couldn't have used much footage if he concentrated on the forwards.

The big question many asked in the Lenin Stadium was: If Real's manager, Miguel Munoz, risked playing Pirri in Athens with a half hand broken only 24 hours before . . . why didn't Kubala take the same risk seven days later when the injury was on the mend. Pirri wanted to play and could have played. In the party he boosted everyone's morale . . merely being on the field, even as a passenger, would have given the much-needed inspiration. *I've always considered it ridiculous to play injured players, both for team and players' sake. But on this occasion I feel that had Pirri played, injured though he was, Spain would have won.*

In the Russian camp no one had any doubt that the best side won. Valentin Granatkin, President of the USSR Football Federation—the Patriarch of Russian football—said: "I expected Spain to be far stronger than they were, more potent. No one on their side created any particular impression.

Brilliant

"As a spectacular the game never reached a worthy level. The actors of the piece . . . more the Spaniards than ourselves . . . failed lamentably. Nevertheless this victory is the commencement of a new and brilliant era of Soviet football."

Granatkin, who has been president of the USSR Football Association since 1950 (with a four-years' break between 1964-68) denies he has any special ability or secret for presidential longevity. "In Russia we consider changes of presidents and managers bad for the game."

What about the dismissal of Gawril Katchalin, Russia's manager in Mexico? "Katchalin was never dismissed. He asked for release from his task purely because he felt age was creeping upon him. We accepted his point of view," said the President.

Non-committal

An interesting, and evidently persistent, rumour in Moscow is that Valentin Granatkin will be successor to Sir Stanley Rous, president of FIFA. (He's one of three vice-presidents at the moment.) Granatkin himself is non-committal, saying: "I don't know . . . I don't know. I'm a little tired. I've lived too long and too close to the pressures of football."

Manager-Selector Valentin Nicolaev, Alexis Panamarov (aide to the Selector) and captain, Albert Shesternev, all considered the best team won.

Maybe . . . but if I had my way I'd send the whole lot, Russians and Spaniards . . . to Siberia, if that's the place they send them nowadays.

ROGER MACDONALD reports

Mix up causes surprise

ALTHOUGH the Russian FA severely criticised several British players for not making the effort to participate in Lev Yashin's farewell jubilee match, in fact they maligned them—for hardly any of the invitations went out until about a fortnight before the match. Yashin, a vague fellow at the best of times, had reasonably assumed that the Soviet Union would take care of the organisation, only to find that virtually no official approaches had been made, and that to organise any presentable team at all required a great deal of diplomatic activity behind the scenes.

In the event, the Rest of the World side included the French full-back Djorkaeff, and in the second half the Polish defender Zymunt Anczok, who with the best will in the world scarcely merited selection in terms of their international status.

Technique

It was hardly surprising, therefore, that the Russian team—made up of players from Moscow Dynamo, Kiev, Minsk and Tibilisi—should make all the early running, with Khelmnitsky heading home a cross by Yevryuzikhin. The Rest of the World keeper, Mazurkiewicz, picked the ball out of the net with the air of someone totally unused to the technique; but the effect was somewhat lost when three minutes later he had to do exactly the same thing again. Szabo tried a speculative shot from 30 yards, which seemed to gather pace and swerve in the air, leaving Mazurkiewicz airborne but helpless to prevent a score.

Rebounded

Yashin, however, soon found plenty to do at the other end—punching out a fierce volley from Bobby Charlton, who flew to Moscow for the match from Austria, where Manchester United were on tour. Then Gerd Muller, permitted to play by UEFA despite the fact that he was under suspension in West Germany, hit the post with an unexpected shot. The ball rebounded to Giacinto Facchetti, who drove it hard towards the far corner of what seemed like an open goal. But Yashin, recalling some of the moments that made him a legend, flung himself full length two feet off the ground to save magnificently.

Muller, who confessed later that one of his unfulfilled ambitions in football was to score a goal against Yashin, had to admit defeat. For five minutes after half-time the 41-year-old figure in his familiar black garb caught the ball for the last time. The referee blew a sharp blast on his whistle to stop the game, Yashin waved to the crowd, then made his way to the dressing rooms amid thunderous applause.

Simeonov and Gaganelov of Bulgaria.

Overhead

Like all good story-book endings, it was left to Russia's successor, Vladimir Pilgui, to be beaten by the Rest of the World attack. Pilgui had been on the field for barely a minute when Kalman Mezsely scored with an overhead kick. Then, 12 minutes from time, Charlton—who as captain, took a delight in monopolising the free-kicks and corner kicks—produced a particularly fine corner. The ball dropped perfectly on the head of Bulgaria's Pyotr Zhekov, who scored from point-blank range to leave honours even and everyone satisfied.

Zhekov appeared in a rather more significant match in the European Championship, a game in which Bulgaria beat Hungary by three clear goals in Sofia. Hungary, whose team included Albert and Farkas, but no Bene, made a fight of it until half-time, when Bulgaria led 1-0, thanks to a rather fortuitous goal from Kolev.

But Petrov made the score 2-0 almost immediately, and thereafter Bulgaria swarmed around the Hungarian goal, forcing a series of fine saves out of Rothermel. He was beaten once more, by Volitchkov in the 72nd minute, but Hungary could be thankful to escape so easily.

Policy

After this sad defeat the Hungarian manager Josef Hoffer handed in his resignation, and it seems likely that the former national coach, now in charge of the Tatabanya club, Karoly Lakat, will be given the job again. But as the former international captain Josef Bozsik said after the match in Sofia, "We need to change the players' outlook on football. Our teams are full of half-fit footballers who have an easy life and think nothing of going sick at the slightest excuse. If we've fallen so low in European football we must blame our officials. What is needed is a much tougher policy."

CLASSIFIED RESULTS

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP

MAY 9

East Germany (0) 1 (Lowe) 100,000
Yugoslavia (2) 2 (Filipovic, Drajic)

East Germany: Croy; Stein, Sammer, Brausch, Weise, Strempel, Schlutter; Kretsche (Irmscher), Peter Ducke, Franzel, Vogel (Lowe).

Yugoslavia: Vukcevic; Paulovic, Ramljak, Holcer, Antonijevic, Paunovic, Petkovic (Bjeknovic), Oblak (Begicevic); Filipovic, Acimovic, Drajic.

Ref: Schiller/Austria.

Cyprus (0) 0 10,000
Spain (1) 2 (Pirri, Violeta)

Cyprus: Eleftheriadis; Haris, Kavazis, Stephanis, Eukis; Alexandros, Antoniou, Pamboulis; Vassiliou, Takis, Styliannou.

Spain: Reina; Violeta, Tonono, Benito, Antonio; Pirri, Claramunt; Amancio, Quini, Churuca (Rexach), Uriarte (Lora).

MAY 11

Eire (1) 1 (Conway) 25,000
Italy (1) 2 (Boninsegna, Prati)

Eire: Kelly; Kinnear, Mulligan, Byrne, Tony Dunne; Dunphy, Giles, Rogers, Conway, Givens, Heighway.

Italy: Zoff; Cera; Burgnich, Rosato, Bertini, Facchetti; Mazzola, De Sisti, Corso; Prati, Boninsegna.

Ref: Schulenburg/West Germany.

MAY 12

Switzerland (0) 1 (Odermatt) 37,000
Greece (0) 0

Switzerland: Prosperi; Chapuisat; Ramseier, Weibel, Perroud; Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler; Balmer, Kunzli, Jeandupeux.

Greece: Christidis; Toskas; Gaitatzis, Kampas, Stathopoulos; Dedes, Synethopoulos, Gleoos; A. Intzoglou, Papaioannou, Hatzioannoglou.

Ref: Jones/Wales.

England (2) 5 (Chivers 2, Lee, Clarke pen., Lawler) 35,000
Malta (0) 0

England: Banks, Lawler, McFarland, Moore, Cooper; Hughes, Coates, Peters; Lee, Chivers, Clarke.

Malta: Borali; Delia; Pace, Camilleri, Grima; Vassallo, Darmanin, Theobald; Cocks, Bonnet, Arpa.

Ref: Reed/Norway.

Albania (1) 1 (Zegha) 20,000
Poland (1) 1

Albania: Dinelle, Gjika, Dulles, Cani, Kasmi; Ragami, Biri, Vaso (Barisha); Ceco, Paro, Zegha.

Poland: Grotynski; Wrazy, Wyrobek, Winkler, Anczok; Szoltysik, Deyna (Cmikiewicz), Blaut; Banas, Lubanski, Gadocha (Kozerski).

Ref: Helies/France.

MAY 16

Czechoslovakia (0) 1 (Frantisek Vesely)
Rumania (0) 0 50,000

Czechoslovakia: Viktor; Dobias, Hrivnak, Desiatnik, Taborsky; Pollak, Kuna; Frantisek Vesely, Stratil (Jokl), Josef Capkovic (Kabat).

Rumania: Raducanu; Satmareanu, Dan Coe, Dinu, Mocanu; Anca, Dumitru; Dembrovski, Neagu (Nunweiller), Dumitrache, Lucescu.

Ref: Do Santos/Portugal.

MAY 19

Bulgaria (1) 3 (Kolev, Petkov, Velickov)
Hungary (0) 0 45,000

Bulgaria: Jordanov; Gaidarski, Penev, Velickov, Kolev; Jetchev, Vassilev I, Bonev; Jekov, Michailov (Petkov), Vassilev II.

Hungary: Rothermel; Fabian, Pancsics, Vidats, Juhasz; Dunai III, Kocsis, Fazekas (Karsi; Zambo, Albert, Kozma.

Ref: Bachramov/Russia.

MAY 26

Sweden (0) 1 (Olsson) 10,000
Austria (0) 0

Sweden: Hellstrom; Selander, Axelsson, Nordqvist, Grip; Svensson, Larsson, Olsson; Polsson, Johansson, Persson.

Austria: Rettenstainer; Schmidradner, Sturmberger, Pumm, Eigenstiller; Starek, Hickersberger, Ettmayer; Kodat, Kreuz, Gasner.

Ref: Ekstaja/Poland.

Denmark (0) 1 (Bjerre) 30,000
Belgium (0) 2 (Devrindt 2)

Denmark: Sorensen; Boel, Berg, Sandvad, Nielsen; Bjerre, Laudrup, Arentoft; Olsen, Bjorne-Mose, Nielsen.

Belgium: Piot; Heylens, Van den Daele, Plaskie, Thissen; Van Moer, Dockx; Semmeling, Devrindt, Van Himst, Pais.

Ref: Siewaag/Norway.

MAY 30

Eire (0) 1 (Rogers pen.) 16,000
Austria (3) 4 (Schmidradner pen., Kodat, Ettmayer, Starek)

Eire: Kelly; Byrne, Jimmy Dunne, Hand, Tony Dunne; Rogers, Dunphy; Conway, Givens, Holmes, Treacy, Heighway.

Austria: Rettenstainer; Schmidradner, Sturmberger, Kriss (Schlagbauer), Eigenstiller; Hof, Starek, Ettmayer; Hickersberger, Kreuz, Kodat.

Ref: Oberg/Norway.

Russia (0) 2 (Kolotov, Schevtschenko)
Spain (0) 1 (Rexach) 100,000

Russia: Rudakov; Dzodzuashvili, Chesternev, Kaptitschny; Itkov; Kolotov, Muntjan (Fedotov), Szabo; Banishevski (Nodija), Schevtschenko, Evtiuschichin.

Spain: Iribar; Sol (Antonio), Gallego, Tonono, Benito; Claramunt, Violeta (Lora), Uriarte; Rexach, Amancio, Churuca.

BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP

MAY 15

Wales (0) 0 19,000
Scotland (0) 0

Wales: Sprake; Rodrigues, James, Roberts, Thomas; Phillips, Yorath, Durban; R. Davies, Toshack, Reece.

Scotland: Clark; Hay, McLintock, Moncur, Brogan; Bremner, Cormack; Lorimer, Robb, O'Hare, Gray.

Ref: Taylor/England.

Northern Ireland (0) 0 33,000
England (0) 1 (Clarke)

Northern Ireland: Jennings; Rice, O'Kane, Hunter, Nelson; Nicholson, Hamilton, McMordie (Cassidy), Clements; Dougan, Best.

England: Banks; Madeley, McFarland, Moore, Cooper; Storey, Ball, Peters; Lee, Chivers, Clarke.

Ref: McKenzie/Scotland.

MAY 19

England (0) 0 75,000
Wales (0) 0

England: Shilton; Lawler, Smith, Lloyd, Cooper; Coates, Hughes, Peters; Lee, Brown, Hurst.

Wales: Sprake; Rodrigues, Roberts, James, Thomas; Phillips, Yorath, Durban; R. Davies, Toshack, Reece.

Ref: Wright/Northern Ireland.

Scotland (0) 0 31,643
Northern Ireland (1) 1 (Greig o.g.)

Scotland: Clark; Hay, McLintock, Moncur, Brogan; Greig, Greig, Gray; Lorimer, O'Hare, Curran.

Northern Ireland: Jennings; Rice, O'Kane, Hunter, Nelson; Nicholson, Hamilton, McMordie, Clements; Dougan, Best.

Ref: Thomas/Wales.

MAY 22

England (3) 3 (Peters, Chivers 2)
Scotland (1) 1 (Curran) 100,000

England: Banks; Lawler, McFarland, Moore, Cooper; Storey, Ball, Peters; Lee (Clarke), Chivers, Hurst.

Scotland: Clark; Greig, McLintock, Moncur, Brogan; Bremner, Robb, Green (Jarvie); Johnstone, Curran (Munro), Cormack.

Ref: Dropmann/Holland.

Northern Ireland (1) 1 (Hamilton)
Wales (0) 0 20,000

Northern Ireland: Jennings; Rice, O'Kane, Hunter, Nelson; McMordie, Nicholson, Clements; Hamilton, Dougan, Best.

Wales: Sprake; Rodrigues, James, Roberts, Thomas; Durban, Yorath, Phillips; R. Davies, Toshack, Reece.

Ref: Burns/England.

INTERNATIONALS

MAY 5

Switzerland (1) 2 (Kunzli, Kuhn) 16,000
Poland (1) 4 (Cmikiewicz, Banas, Deyna 2)

Switzerland: Prosperi; Chapuisat; Boffi, Citherlet, Weibel; Odermatt, Kuhn, Blattler; Balmer, Kunzli, Quentin.

Poland: Grotynski; Wrazy, Wyrobek, Trunkowski, Anczok; Cmikiewicz, Szoltysik, Blaut; Banas, Lubanski, Gadocha.

MAY 19

Sweden (0) 4 (Larsson, Svensson, Persson, Paalsson) 13,000
Finland (1) 1 (Paatelainen)

Sweden: Hellstrom; Selander, Axelsson (Kristiansson), Nordqvist, Grip; Svensson, Bo Larsson, Paalsson; Johansson, Ekland, Persson.

Finland: Nasman; Viittila (Raisio), Kantonen, Rajantie, Suomalainen; Kilponen, Heikkila (P. Toivonen), R. Toivonen; Paatelainen, Tolsan, Lindholm.

Ref: Weiland/West Germany.

Welsh goalkeeper Gary Sprake saves from John Greig of Scotland during the 1971 Home International Championship.

LEAGUE TABLES

ALBANIA

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Partizani Tirana	**26**	**16**	**3**	**2**	**40**	**20**	**40**
Dinamo	26	15	9	2	45	18	39
Vlaznija	26	12	10	4	36	17	34
Labinoti	26	12	9	5	33	13	33
Besa	26	10	11	5	32	22	31
Skanderbeu	26	10	8	8	26	18	28
17. Nendori	26	9	9	8	31	21	27
Lokomotiva	26	7	12	7	23	22	26
Flamurtari	26	3	14	9	15	23	20
Tomori	26	5	10	11	23	38	20
Luftetari	26	5	9	12	21	41	19
Traktori	26	4	11	11	16	30	19
Beselidhja	26	3	10	13	17	36	16
Apolonija	26	2	8	16	12	51	12

BELGIUM

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Standard Liege	**30**	**21**	**5**	**4**	**66**	**24**	**47**
FC Bruges	30	21	4	5	71	32	46
Anderlecht	30	18	5	7	53	28	41
Lierse SK	30	17	1	12	45	31	35
Racing White	30	12	9	9	35	29	33
Beerschot	30	12	9	9	33	33	33
Beveren-Waas	30	11	8	11	33	33	30
St. Trond	30	11	7	12	36	39	29
Waregem	30	8	11	11	34	32	27
Union St. Gilloise	30	9	7	14	40	49	25
FC Liege	30	6	13	11	17	33	25
Diest	30	7	10	13	29	37	24
Crossing	30	9	6	15	29	42	24
Antwerp	30	9	6	15	30	50	24
Charleroi	30	8	7	15	37	54	23
La Gantoise	30	4	6	20	23	65	14

HOLLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Feyenoord	**34**	**26**	**5**	**3**	**82**	**25**	**57**
Ajax	34	24	5	5	90	20	53
ADO den Haag	34	21	8	5	62	27	50
PSV Eindhoven	34	21	7	6	73	25	49
FC Twente	34	19	10	5	48	18	48
Sparta Rotterdam	34	16	13	5	54	34	45
GO Ahead Deventer	34	15	8	11	49	43	38
NEC Nimejen	34	12	10	12	43	36	34
Utrecht	34	13	7	14	46	64	33
Volendam	34	9	10	15	34	48	28
Telstar	34	9	9	16	32	46	27
DWS Amsterdam	34	5	17	12	26	54	27
MVV Maastricht	34	8	10	16	28	42	26
NAC Breda	34	7	10	17	40	61	24
Holland Sport Den Haag	34	5	14	15	34	60	24
Excelsior	34	5	10	19	22	66	20
AZ'67 Alkmaar	34	3	9	22	24	76	15
Haarlem	34	1	12	21	22	64	14

ITALY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Inter-Milan	**30**	**19**	**8**	**3**	**50**	**26**	**46**
Milan AC	30	15	12	3	54	26	42
Napoli	30	15	9	6	33	19	39
Juventus	30	11	13	6	41	30	35
Bologna	30	10	14	6	30	24	34
Roma	30	7	18	5	32	25	32
Cagliari	30	8	14	8	33	35	30
Torino	30	6	14	10	27	30	26
Varese	30	5	16	9	29	33	26
Vicenza	30	6	14	10	23	31	26
Verona	30	7	12	11	23	35	26
Sampdoria	30	6	13	11	30	34	25
Fiorentina	30	3	19	8	26	32	25
Foggia	30	6	13	11	28	43	25
Lazio	30	5	12	13	28	43	22
Catania	30	5	11	14	18	39	21

PORTUGAL

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Benfica	**26**	**18**	**5**	**3**	**62**	**17**	**41**
Sporting Lisbon	26	16	6	4	43	14	38
Porto	26	16	5	5	64	21	37
Setubal	26	13	4	7	51	16	34
Academica	26	13	7	6	38	24	33
Belenenses	26	7	8	11	20	27	22
Boavista	26	9	4	13	18	38	22
CUF	26	8	5	13	28	37	21
Barreirense	26	5	10	11	21	31	20
Farense	26	7	6	13	15	31	20
Tirense	26	6	8	12	24	45	20
Guimaraes	26	4	11	11	15	27	19
Leixoes	26	7	5	14	22	44	19
Varzim	26	7	4	15	23	52	18

SCOTLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Celtic	34	25	6	3	89	23	56
Aberdeen	34	24	6	4	68	18	54
St. Johnstone	34	19	6	9	59	44	44
Rangers	34	16	9	9	58	34	41
Dundee	34	14	10	10	53	45	38
Dundee United	34	14	8	12	53	54	36
Falkirk	34	13	9	12	46	53	35
Morton	34	13	8	13	44	44	34
Airdrie	34	13	8	13	60	65	34
Motherwell	34	13	8	13	43	47	34
Hearts	34	13	7	14	41	40	33
Hibernian	34	10	10	14	47	52	30
Kilmarnock	34	10	8	16	43	67	28
Ayr United	34	9	8	17	37	54	26
Clyde	34	8	10	16	33	59	26
Dunfermline	34	6	11	17	44	56	23
St. Mirren	34	7	9	18	38	56	23
Cowdenbeath	34	7	3	24	33	77	17

WEST GERMANY

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Borussia Monchengladbach	**34**	**20**	**10**	**4**	**77**	**35**	**50**
Bayern Munchen	34	19	10	5	74	36	48
Hertha BSC	34	16	9	9	61	43	41
Eintracht Braunschweig	34	16	7	11	52	40	39
Hamburger SV	34	13	11	10	54	63	37
FC Schalke 04	34	15	6	13	44	40	36
MSV Duisberg	34	12	11	11	43	47	35
1st FC Kaiserslautern	34	15	4	15	54	57	34
Hannover 96	34	12	9	13	53	49	33
Werder Bremen	34	11	11	12	41	40	33
1st FC Koln	34	11	11	12	46	56	33
VfB Stuttgart	34	11	8	15	49	49	30
Borussia Dortmund	34	10	9	15	54	60	29
Arminia Bielefeld	34	12	5	17	34	53	29
Eintracht Frankfurt	34	11	6	17	39	56	28
Rot-Weiss Oberhausen	34	9	9	16	54	69	27
Kickers Offenbach	34	9	9	16	49	65	27
Rot-Weiss Essen	34	7	9	18	48	68	23

SWITZERLAND

	P	W	D	L	F	A	P.
Grasshoppers	**26**	**20**	**2**	**4**	**59**	**21**	**42**
Basel	26	18	6	2	67	26	42
Lugano	26	11	9	6	50	34	31
Lausanne	26	12	6	8	51	43	30
Zurich	26	11	6	9	41	42	28
Winterthur	26	11	5	10	36	38	27
Servette	26	8	10	8	39	36	26
Young Boys	26	10	6	10	43	46	26
Chaux-de-Fonds	26	9	6	11	46	47	24
Biel	26	6	9	11	32	43	21
Lucerne	26	8	4	14	39	48	20
Sion	26	5	9	12	32	46	19
Fribourg	26	6	7	13	35	63	19
Bellinzona	26	1	7	18	24	61	9

*Grasshoppers are champions after play-off with Basel (4-3). Goal average does not count in Switzerland.

Spartak Trnava clinch third championship

LEAGUE leaders for most of the season in Czechoslovakia, Spartak Trnava won their third championship in four years with Slovan Bratislava the title-holders occupying sixth place. With one game to be played, Trnava are ten points clear of Slovan and four points ahead of runners-up VSS Kosice with three clubs sharing third place. These three, the much-improved Teplice, Banik Ostrava and Sparta Prague, all have 33 points from 29 games.

VSS, as runners-up, take part in the UCFA Cup for the first time and will provide stiff opposition at home. Neighbours Lokomtive only just avoided relegation, but at home their goals tally of 19 to four speaks for itself. VSS are even more formidable with a hard-working team spearheaded by centre-forward Hohulka, who scored 13 league goals.

With one game still to play, he shares third place with the newly capped Stratil of Teplice. Three goals better off is Spartak Trnava captain and inside-left Jozef Adamec with 16, closely pursued by Zdenka Nehoa of relegated Gottwaldov, who has scored one goal fewer.

At the bottom of the table Skoda Pilzen (relegated in 1968) and TJ Gottwaldov are hooked for Division II once more. Last season Gottwaldov only just escaped the drop and then beat Slovan (the champions) 3-3, 0-0 and 4-3 on penalties in the FA Cup Final while Pilzen go straight down after only one season back in the top flight. Division II champions are Brno who have led all the way and with a game to spare have a five-point lead over Slovan Nitra and LIAZ Jablonec.

The last named was the club that new national team manager Ladislav Novak was with when the FA appointed him in mid-season while left languishing in the second class are former Division I clubs Bohemians, Kladno, Hradec Kralove (champions in 1960) and Dukla Banska Bystrica who produced Ladislav Petras, the Czechs most promising player in Mexico.

Apart from Spartak Trnava and, of course, the two Prague favourites Sparta and Slavia, the attendances at league matches have reflected the fans' disenchantment with the game at the moment, but 55,000 turned out in Bratislava for the critical visit of Rumania, who once seemed certain to win the European championship group they compete with Wales and Finland. With only two minutes to spare, Slavia's Frantisek Vesely scored the only goal laid on by two late substitutes, Jokl and Kabat, who had each been on the pitch little more than 10 minutes.

ARSENAL v LIVERPOOL A superb picture of Arsenal goalkeeper Bob Wilson saving at the feet of Liverpool full-back Chris Lawler in the FA Cup Final

VALENCIA (Spanish Champions 1970-71) Back row left to right: Abelardo, Vidagany, Anibal, Barrachina, Anton, Claramunt I. Front row: Furetes, Forment, Pellicer, Paquito, Claramunt II.